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SIXPENCE.

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FOR THE SECOND TIME.—THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS PORT ARTHUR: PLANTING THE JAPANESE FLAG ON THE LIAO-TUNG PENINSULA.

FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS IN THE FAR EAST.

The first section of the Second Japanese Army Corps landed on May 5 without casualty. The dead man in the sketch is a Russian.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Fifty to celebrate the memory of a classic, you should be with him heart and soul. When reservations have to be made, when it must be pointed out that, in some regards, he is veritably dead, and not contributing by force of example to the spirit of the age, then the joyous rites are a little tame. This is more especially the case when he is a political classic, for then he is apt to be rather conspicuously in the rear of our time of day. However far-sighted he may have been, we are sure to have got ahead of him; everything cannot have turned out exactly as he predicted: some of his wisdom "won't keep," as the housewives would say. This is awkward when his centenary calls for drums and trumpets—awkward, that is, for the celebrant who has to make those reservations. The enthusiast who tells you that Richard Cobden was the wisest statesman that ever lived except Edmund Burke—he, of course, is in his element. He is not content to extol the great commercial principle that Cobden planted so deep; he maintains that all Cobden's principles were pre-eminently just and true.

One of them sprang from a strong repulsion to the methods by which the British Empire had been made, and it implied that the dissolution of that Empire would be a great boon to mankind. If you think that Cobden was wiser than any statesman save Burke, you will cheerfully embrace that notable judgment of his in the centenary plaudits. But if you remember that another great classic named Gladstone took an eloquent pride in the Imperial dominions which, though a man of peace, he did not a little to enlarge, you may hesitate; and if you also remember that Burke himself, by exhorting his country to the greatest of its modern wars, violated the principle of non-intervention, sacred to the Manchester school, you may own with a sigh that the enthusiast who makes a symphony of Burke and Cobden is too robust a musician for your nerves. He plays the cymbals in the centenary orchestra, and you must content yourself with a modest piping on the flute. Cobden believed in universal peace, and preached disarmament to that end. It was not a very feasible policy in his time; to-day even a centenary orgie of optimism does not blind us to the fact that the very Power which summoned Christendom in conclave at the Hague to begin the era of brotherhood has had the misfortune to provoke the war with Japan! If Japan, which has created a far more formidable army than ours at a tenth of the cost, had adopted the principles of Cobden, would this have persuaded the author of the Hague Conference to refer the disputes about Korea and Manchuria to the Tribunal of Arbitration? Do you see Admiral Alexeieff advocating this course? No doubt the cymbal-player, with an inspiring clash of his instruments, will say that he believes it thoroughly. But don't you pipe a mournful little note of interrogation on that flute?

I find an eloquent friend of mine unfolding a message of peace in the *Contemporary Review*. He seems to be discontented with the slow methods which we celebrate at centenaries. Human nature, he argues with Tolstoy, should reform itself radically, not in the superficial, piecemeal fashion that appeals to statesmen and Parliaments. Let every man refuse to fight, and there will be no more wars; armies will be disbanded, and navies sold as old iron. "The time has come for a change, for ideas are beginning to rule Europe once more." Apparently it is a change which will not stop short at the abolition of armaments. Down will go the policeman and the magistrate. "When Count Tolstoy says that the evil of modern life is the use of violence, and that this must be met by every man refusing, on his conscience, to become an accomplice in the acts by which States and authorities enforce their will, he expounds an idea which the Christian Church, as it is constituted to-day, may discard or adopt." This summons to the Christian Church to decide whether it will render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, or decline to appear before a judge when violently subpoenaed as a witness, is a notable symptom of the ideas which are now resuming their hold upon Europe. Religion is to be turned into a sublime contempt of court, your true Christian refusing to be the accomplice of the law which punishes evil-doers. This, says my eloquent friend, would be the "moral and intellectual revolution which in their hearts reformers desire." And he thinks the country "which produced the Puritans and the Levellers" is eminently suitable for such an experiment. I wonder what the Puritan of Cromwell's time, who believed himself divinely appointed to smite the Amalekites, would have done to my eloquent friend? Besides, reformers have such a confirmed habit of clutching the sword when some particularly tiresome obstacle confronts them in the path of peace, that I fear the influence of Tolstoy would be very intermittent.

Well, I gather that we are a "timid and unimaginative" generation; and yet there must be some bold

spirits amongst us, for one of the centenary orators claimed for Cobden the special merit that he was "in favour of the Ten Commandments, not of their abolition." Who wants to abolish them? I have not met the nefarious persons who are at this game; but you may be sure that the centenary orator knows their guilty names. There is a portrait of him in a daily paper in the very act of warning the conspirators that he has an eye on them. Such an eye! Talk about seeing through millstones; that is the eye for the job. Now, if there are politicians deliberately plotting the abolition of the Ten Commandments, I should say their allowance of lively imagination was abnormal; and if there be no such persons, if they transcend Mrs. Harris herself in the airy nothingness of the unsubstantial, then the centenary orator with that piercing eye has an imagination unsurpassed. Absurd to call us unimaginative, anyhow! Has my eloquent friend so far relaxed his austerity as to visit "Venice by Night" at Earl's Court? He cannot stand on the Bridge of Sighs, a palace and a prison on each hand—for it is neatly done in perspective on a cloth. But he can gaze at it intently, and imagine our educational authorities, when they explain Byron's line to students, pointing out that the palace is on one hand, and the prison on the other, and not both on each hand, as the poet's fine frenzy would imply.

I was in this studious mood when I felt (literally felt) a languishing glance (everything is so intense in "Venice by Night") from a window. Sure enough, there was a Venetian gentlewoman, obviously the lady mentioned in Byron's Letters, who burst into a room where he was making small talk for a feminine visitor, tore that visitor's hair, bundled her down the very steep stairs into a gondola, and then had hysterics. I looked up at the window, and recalled this agreeable incident. The lady nodded with evident pleasure, and I explained in my best Italian (consisting chiefly of *macaroni, tutti frutti, trovatore, corpo di Baccho*, and *Chianti vecchio*) that I had inadvertently left my guitar at the pawnbroker's, or a serenade of her beauty should have been improvised on the spot. Timid and unimaginative, forsooth! Why, she was a painted lady—I mean a lady painted (observe the subtle delicacy of our language, erroneously said to be so downright and brutal) on the side of a house, with window and balcony to match, in the Italian house-decorator's best style. There are glorious specimens of it, by the way, regular Old Masters, on some remarkable villas near Genoa.

And yet there are true things which even the wildest fancy could not compass. Bethink you of the barrel-organ, dear to children, but desolating to the nerves of grown-ups, who have a dignity to maintain, and cannot hasten to the pavement to execute fandangos. Do you know there are women in this town, sensitive women, to whose ear the horrid mechanism of the barrel-organ is torture; to whom, nevertheless, its advent is a boon? Let us say you are calling upon one of them at five o'clock. She is in the act of pouring out tea, and you have embarked upon your favourite topic of your self-denial; how you have schooled yourself (for fear of gout) to take only one lump of sugar; when suddenly the strains of "Hiawatha" are heard in the distance. It is, it is (as Byron sings) the organ's opening roar! Your hostess flushes, and, without a word, flees from the room. Presently you hear a noise overhead, as if a heavy body were violently prancing. The organ draws nearer; the prancing becomes so violent that the ceiling cracks; then the heavy body, whatever it is, falls with a crash, and a large piece of plaster raps you on the skull.

What has happened? The organ peals and reels into the next street; in about a quarter of an hour your hostess reappears, and calmly asks you to have some more tea, which, by this time, is cold. You look sternly at her, and hold up the accusing plaster. She faces it bravely for a moment, and then breaks down, the organ taking its leave with the explosive buoyancy of "Weel May the Keel Row." Weel it may, although you never could learn what on earth that means! But the sobbing woman before you is a still deeper mystery. "Jane," you say to her (you know her very slightly, but this is no time for etiquette)—"Jane, tell me all." In a few broken words she confesses how she had read in a ladies' paper that regular exercise with a skipping-rope was good for preventing the—well, the undue growth of tissue; how she made a practice of skipping in her bed-room to the strains of every barrel-organ that came along; how she feared that, if she should miss only one, the insidious enemy would add a pound or two to her avoirdupois. Then she sits down at the piano, and sings to you that heartbreaking song of the Lady Jane in "Patience"—

Stouter than I used to be,
Still more corpulent grow I;
There will be too much of me
In the coming by-and-by.

As you leave that fated lady's house, you murmur, "Is there in all London a sadder tragedy?" No; but who could have imagined it?

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

The lull which has taken place in the sequence of developments in the Kwan-tung Peninsula is not without significance, particularly to those who have watched the resemblance between the present operations and those of 1894. Then, as now, each decisive move in the game was followed by a period of waiting, during which, no doubt, the Japanese were preparing for a further coup. It is a curious fact, and one of some importance, that, notwithstanding the manner in which the Japanese have repeated the tactics of ten years ago, nearly every expert in Europe has frequently expressed the opinion that they would do something they did not do on that occasion. This very circumstance is in itself indicative of the strategy of the Japanese. They have on all occasions, by their movements, pointed to more than one objective; and it has been a puzzle, not only to the trained observers watching them at this distance, but also to the Russian Generals in Manchuria, to know which course they would take. Even now the greatest uncertainty prevails as to whether their efforts are directed towards Mukden or towards Port Arthur. If they are to complete the parallel with 1894, Port Arthur will be the next objective, and then Vladivostok may stand for Wei-hai-Wei.

There can be no question that in this plan of ever keeping their adversary in doubt as to the actual objective lies the leading principle of Japanese military strategy. To a certain degree also it is the leading principle of their tactics. And in this latter connection it has never been more clearly displayed than in the battle the other day at Kin-chau. But it is in the larger field of strategy that it naturally attracts wider attention, and must in a measure account for the reported division of counsels between the Russian leaders. If the stories which filter through French sources have any foundation, there are grave disputes between Admiral Alexeieff and General Kuropatkin, which may be partly engendered by this perpetual doubt as to what the real objective of the Japanese is to be. That there are other reasons goes without saying. Alexeieff's reputation is inextricably bound up with Port Arthur, and it would not be surprising if the Viceroy exerted his influence to bring about an attempt at relieving the fortress. On the other hand, the Russian army under Kuropatkin, even if it has been recently reinforced, is hardly in sufficient strength to maintain its communications in the north and, at the same time, to deal with the Japanese forces which lie between it and the beleaguered fortress. The condition of Kuropatkin would be parlous indeed if, in attempting such a desperate enterprise as the relief of Port Arthur, he found that Kuroki had cut in between his rear and his base at Harbin.

The inspiration of the rumour that a large Russian force has been detached to attack General Oku appears to be derived from Newchwang, and finds its support in the actions which have taken place in the neighbourhood of Wa-fang-kau, some fifty miles or more to the north-west of Kin-chau. At the time of writing, these actions, so far as they have been officially reported, do not bear out the construction thus placed upon them. It does not appear that the Russians were in any force, or that the Japanese had great difficulty in obliging the enemy to retire northward. Meanwhile, the Japanese appear to be pushing eastward towards the Liao-yang-Mukden line, as well as southwards towards Port Arthur. They have now the advantage of using Dalny, a warm-water port, as a base of operations against the coveted fortress; but even with this advantageous position it must take them some time to complete the disembarkation of siege artillery sufficient to reduce Stoessel's batteries.

Just as there is a resemblance between the incidents of the present war and those of that between Japan and China, so also one may trace a likeness in the position of affairs at Port Arthur and that which obtained at Sebastopol when we besieged it with the French and Turks fifty years ago. In both cases there are elements of difference which should not be omitted from consideration. The war of 1894 was mainly a war waged in the winter, but now the Japanese have the summer before them, and with it certain facilities for river transport which they had not then. So also as regards the impending siege of Port Arthur, while there is the obvious resemblance that this port, like Sebastopol, is a great naval arsenal as well as a fortress, and that, in spite of this fact, the navy can do little for the defence save to lend its men and guns. The difference is that Port Arthur is completely cut off from the rest of the world, while Sebastopol was never without supplies, insured by free communication on the one side with the rest of Russia. It is true that Sebastopol was situated at an extremity of the Empire, just as Port Arthur is, and that the facilities for reaching it from the north were not much better than, if as good as, those which existed for communicating with Port Arthur up to the time of the battle of Kin-chau. The political results of the fall of Port Arthur must, however, transcend in importance those which followed the fall of Sebastopol.

But apart from this aspect the fall of the port need not have any great effect upon the war. And, therefore, it must still remain for the Japanese to deal with Kuropatkin's army before they can be said to have effected their purpose. Too great faith, then, should not be put in the rumours of a possible termination of the struggle following upon the capture of the naval fortress. The very fact that the Russians are probably better aware than anyone else of the condition of affairs at the port and the length of time it is likely to hold out may be an inducement to them to withdraw before the Japanese advance, in order later, when more fully reinforced, to return and to throw the Japanese in their turn upon the defensive. The reports that the Japanese are entrenching themselves at Feng-hwang-cheng and other places in the valleys of the Ai-ho and the Ta-tung lend support to this view.

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22, Lime Street, Liverpool; Geo. K. Turnham, 2, Charing Cross, London, W.; or any of
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C. H. DENT, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

GREENORE (CARLINGFORD LOUGH, IRELAND).

Excellent accommodation is provided at the LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN
RAILWAY COMPANY'S HOTEL at GREENORE. The improvement and enlargement
of which has been completed. Conveniently arranged Bungalows have also been
erected in a pleasant situation facing Carlingford Lough.GOLF LINKS (18-HOLE COURSE) and Club House have also been provided by
the Company, and of these RESIDENTS IN THE HOTEL HAVE FREE USE. Full
pension from 70s. per week.Passengers with Through Tickets between England and the North of Ireland are
allowed to break the journey at Greenore.

Euston Station, 1904.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

LONDON BRIGHTON & SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

FIRST CLASS CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS.—
BRIGHTON, from Victoria, SUNDAYS at 11.0 a.m. (Pullman Limited), Fare, 12s.;
also at 11.5 a.m. & 12.15 p.m., 1st. Cl. 10s.; Pullman 12s. WEEK-DAYS at 10.5 a.m.,
Pullman 12s. Similar tickets to Worthing by these Trains.EASTBOURNE.—From Victoria, SUNDAYS, 9.25 a.m. 1st Cl. & 11.15 a.m. Pullman.
Week-days 9.50 a.m., 1st Cl. & Pullman. Fares, 10s. 1st Cl. 12s. Pullman.
BEXHILL (10s.) & HASTINGS (10s. 6d.) Sundays, from Victoria & London
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Stations.—Wednesdays, 6s. to Brighton, 6s. 6d. Worthing, Thursdays, 6s. 6d. to
Seaford, 7s. Eastbourne, Bexhill & Hastings. Fridays, 6s. 6d. to Littlehampton,
7s. Bognor & Chichester. 7s. 6d. to Havant, Hayling & Portsmouth. Cheap Fares to
Ryde & Isle of Wight.SOUTH COAST PLEASURE RESORTS.—Cheap Day
Return Tickets (1, 2, 3 Class) Week-days to Brighton, Worthing, Littlehampton,
Bognor, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill & Hastings. Also WEEK-END TICKETS every
Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to these places, and to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.
Details of Supt. of the Line, Brighton Railway, London Bridge Terminus.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

ASCOT RACES, JUNE 14, 15, 16, and 17.

EXPRESS SERVICE on each day of Races.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
PADDINGTON .. dep.	9.8	9.30	9.52	10.28	11.0	11.38	12.5	1.0
Slough .. aff.	9.36	9.57	—	—	11.23	11.36	—	12.34
WINDSOR and ETON ..	9.45	10.8	10.25	10.58	11.33	11.43	12.8	1.33

RETURN RAIL FARES. FIRST CLASS. SECOND CLASS. THIRD CLASS.
PADDINGTON to WINDSOR and ETON. 4s. 4s. 3s. 6d.FOUR-HORSE BRAKES will leave WINDSOR and ETON STATION for ASCOT
upon arrival of the trains from PADDINGTON, returning from the RACECOURSE at
ASCOT 15 minutes after the last race.BRAKE FARES. TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY.
WINDSOR and ETON } JUNE 14. JUNE 15 JUNE 16 JUNE 17
STATION to ASCOT } 4s. 5s. 7s. 3s.
and Back.FREQUENT TRAINS from WINDSOR and ETON to PADDINGTON after
the Races.CHEAP THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS (fare 2s. 6d.) from most stations on
the METROPOLITAN, DISTRICT, and NORTH LONDON RAILWAYS, and from
PADDINGTON by the 7.45 a.m., 7.55, 8.35, 9.8, 9.30, 10.10, 11 a.m., 12.5 noon, &c., trains.Handbills at Company's stations and Offices, or send postcard to Enquiry Office,
Paddington Station, for full particulars. JAMES C. INGLIS, General Manager.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

OUR PORTRAITS.

appendicitis, was born sister of the Duke of Cumberland. In addition to her Hanoverian title, she enjoyed the status of a Princess of the Royal Family of Great Britain and Ireland as a great-granddaughter of George III.



HER LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS MARY OF HANOVER, SISTER OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

belonging to the lonely districts where she and Mrs. Balfour were travelling. After her marriage Mrs. Lyttelton wrote a short novel, signed by the pseudonym of "Edith Hamlet," and she has occasionally contributed articles to the more serious reviews. Since her husband became Colonial Secretary Mrs. Lyttelton has taken a very active interest in the question of feminine emigration to South Africa.

General Viscount Bridport, C.B., Duke of Bronte, who died on June 4, was born on Dec. 23, 1814. At one time Lieutenant-Colonel in the Scots Guards, he retired as a General in 1881. He had held several appointments at Court, including those of Groom-in-Waiting and Equerry to Queen Victoria, Clerk-Marshal to the Prince Consort, and Honorary Equerry to the King. He married Lady Mary Hill, second daughter of the third Marquess of Downshire, in 1838.

Mervyn Edward Wingfield, Viscount Powerscourt, of Powerscourt, County Wicklow, and Baron Wingfield of Wingfield, County Wexford, in Ireland, Baron Powerscourt, of Powerscourt, County Wicklow, in the United Kingdom, who died on June 5, was born in 1836, and succeeded his father in the title and estates at the age of eight. Ireland was always his chief interest: he did all in his power to advance its welfare, and proved himself one of the best of Irish landlords. For thirty years—five of them as president—he was an energetic member of the council of the Royal Dublin Society, and he served at various times as chairman of the Board of Superintendence of the Dublin Hospitals, as one of the governors of the National Gallery of Ireland, as chairman of the Art Union of Ireland, as chairman of the Board of Guardians of the Rathdown Union, and as chairman of the committee appointed to select the design for the Museum of Science and Art buildings now erected in Dublin.

He was the first to introduce Japanese deer into Great Britain, a feat which gained him the gold medal of the Société d'Acclimatation of Paris. Lord Powerscourt married Lady Julia Coke, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, in 1864.



THE LATE VISCOUNT POWERSCOURT, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

laid down by the Duke of Connaught as Commander of the Forces in Ireland. The Army Corps scheme is, of course, doomed to abandonment, and when this comes about, Lord Methuen, it is understood, will take command of the Eastern District. For the present, Lord Methuen will take control of the Fourth Army Corps staff, and his headquarters will be the offices opened last spring in St. James's Court.

JAPAN AND CHRISTENDOM.

after the Boxer rising. It was proposed that the Chinese Government should inflict exemplary punishment for the

massacres of the missionaries. When Russia was invited to join in the diplomatic pressure for that end, Count Lamsdorff bluntly refused on the ground that Russia was not concerned. Japan, on the other hand, although not a Christian Power, associated herself loyally with Europe. The contrast is all the more striking when it is remembered that Russia was playing her own game, as usual, by endeavouring to make a separate understanding with the Dowager Empress. She had an axe to grind, and therefore she would not join in demanding retribution for innocent blood. This reminder is provoked by the sentimental regret for Russia's misfortunes just now because she belongs, and Japan does not, to the "comity of Christendom." That was a serviceable plea when she was befriending the Balkan peoples against the Turk. But as against Japan it is of no value whatever.

SIR HENRY IRVING.

In two years' time Sir Henry Irving will have spent fifty years on the stage, and will bring his professional career to a close. It is a very remarkable career. Sir Henry had been fifteen years an actor when he shot suddenly into an eminence which a few discerning critics had foreseen. He was an excellent comedian and a good romantic villain; but most playgoers expected nothing more. All at once he became the dominating personality our stage has known since 1871. His Mathias in "The Bells" and Charles I. in Wills's play showed imagination of a very high order. His Hamlet and Shylock established his intellectual supremacy. Intellect and imagination are, in brief, the qualities which have made him a great player, and have given him a position in the hierarchy of art far above Phelps and Charles Kean, and not inferior to Macready. At a time when the English stage was barren of distinction, he redeemed it from triviality, and gave it, not the grand manner of the old school, but a grand manner of his own, which made all his Shaksperian productions appeal to the most cultivated intelligence. It is difficult

the numerous battles in the Far East which are fought entirely in the telegrams. When he can't eat he can breakfast off Reuter. He can also grumble at the price of the entertainment, and point out that when he is ashore he is a subscriber to the *Times* for twopence. When he feels a little better he can call on the editor, and propose to act as Special Commissioner to the steerage, or chronicler of the fashions on the saloon deck. He can write letters to the editor, and make a fuss when they are not published. An editor ashore is an inaccessible personage to unwelcome callers; but when you have got him at sea he will have no chance of escape. Still, he will have his revenges. "We have received a copy of verses from Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and have presented them to Neptune," would be a pleasant greeting for a millionaire when he expended twopence-halfpenny.



THE HON. MRS. ALFRED LYTTELTON, AUTHOR OF "WARP AND WOOF."

THE "SKETCH" SUMMER NUMBER.

The next number of the *Sketch* (dated June 15) will contain a special Summer Supplement, consisting of drawings in colour, humorous black-and-white drawings, complete stories, and illustrated verses. The chief feature of the Supplement will be an artistic symposium, printed in colours on special art paper, entitled "The Spirit of Summer." Among the artists who contribute to this symposium are Dudley Hardy, John Hassall, Robert Sauber, Ralph Cleaver, and R. Caton Woodville. Among the authors who contribute to the Supplement are Percy White, Nora Chesson, Keble Howard, S. L. Bensusan, and Katharine Tynan. In addition to the Supplement the number will contain all the usual attractive features. The price of the whole will be one shilling, and there will be no reprints.

THE FRESH AIR FUND.

That most deserving of charities, the Fresh Air Fund, promoted by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson and the Ragged School Union, is now beginning another year's beneficent work, and on the afternoon of June 7 Mr. Tree gave a special matinee of "Twelfth Night" for the benefit of the scheme. The occasion was also memorable from the fact that it marked the début in London of Miss Viola Tree, who has inherited

in so large a degree the histrionic talent. An elaborate programme souvenir was sold at the matinee to help the funds.

PARLIAMENT.

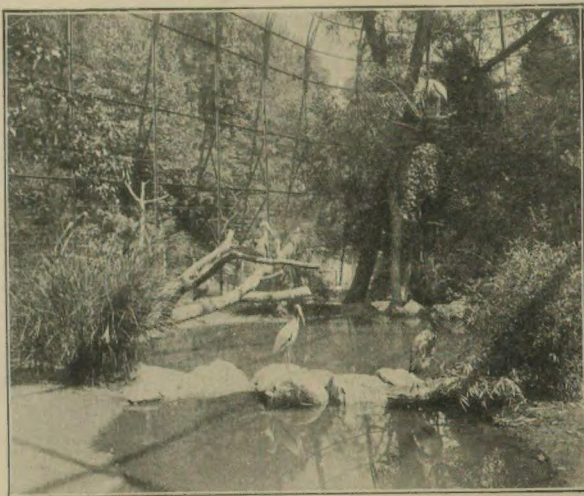
The first important business in the House of Commons after Whitsuntide was the Committee stage of the Licensing Bill. A motion to postpone the first clause, which vests in quarter sessions the power to refuse licenses, was rejected by a majority of 111. Mr. Ellis Griffith then moved an amendment, limiting the operation of the clause to seven years. The Chairman ruled that this amendment would make further discussion of the time limit at later stages of the Bill impossible. This was not what the Opposition bargained for, and their spirits suffered some depression when leave to withdraw the amendment was refused.

Mr. Balfour contended that the imposition of a time limit for compensation would be unjust, for the license-holder would be as much entitled to compensation after any lapse of time as he was now. Under the operation of a time limit it would happen that a license-holder who had subscribed to the insurance fund for years would lose his property, while a neighbour who had been deprived of his license a few months earlier would be compensated. The inequity of that arrangement would indispose magistrates to refuse the renewal of licenses when the limit was enforced, and so the present difficulties would start afresh. Mr. Balfour denied that there was any finality.

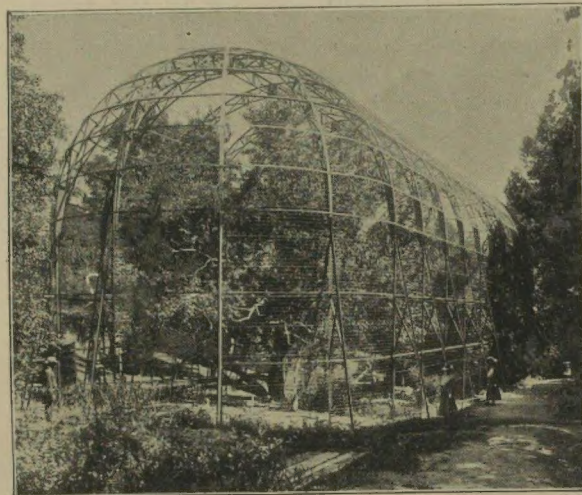
Sir Edward Grey complained that the Bill would make all temperance reform in the future impossible. If the State or the municipalities should desire to conduct the liquor traffic, this legislation would debar that experiment. Mr. Lyttelton contested this argument, repeating Mr. Balfour's declaration that there would be nothing to prevent any future reform. The amendment was rejected.



THE LATE GENERAL VISCOUNT BRIDPORT, FORMER HONORARY EQUERRY TO THE KING.



THE INTERIOR.



THE EXTERIOR.

THE SECOND BIGGEST AVIARY IN THE WORLD, RECENTLY ERECTED IN THE NATIONAL ZOOLOGICAL PARK, WASHINGTON. PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEPSTONE.

This huge bird-cage measures 158 ft. long by 50 ft. broad. It is 50 ft. high at one end, and 58 ft. at the other.

to overestimate his influence. Other actors have done good work, but Irving has no rival.

THE CAPTIVES IN MOROCCO.

No great success has as yet attended the efforts of the French officials to effect the release of Messrs. Perdicaris and Varley, who were kidnapped in Morocco by the brigand Raisuli. The progress of the negotiations, although slow, is regarded as satisfactory, and the presence of a British war-ship at Tangier has been requested by the British Minister to Morocco. The American Government is active, and it is understood that if any violence is done to Mr. Perdicaris, the United States will probably take the matter into their own hands and execute summary vengeance on Raisuli and his gang. The brigand chief demands as ransom the Governorship of his district and an indemnity of £14,000, and he also demands the imprisonment of certain chiefs who lately imprisoned him. The Sultan of Morocco is still considering Raisuli's demands.

MR. SETH LOW AND THE "PILGRIMS."

On June 2 the Pilgrims Club entertained the Hon. Seth Low, ex-Mayor of New York, at luncheon at the Savoy Hotel. The Right Hon. James Bryce occupied the chair, and was supported by Mr. Choate, Lord Claud Hamilton, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. W. D. Howells, Sir Frederick Pollock, and others. Mr. Bryce, in proposing the health of the guest, remarked that Mr. Seth Low had two great claims to the gratitude of Americans and the respect of Englishmen—his work on behalf of Columbia College and as Mayor of New York, to which office he was elected after the victorious struggle with the corrupt forces of Tammany. Mr. Seth Low, responding, commented upon the kinship between the two nations, England and the United States. Although they carried on their work under different conditions, they were animated by the same ideals of justice and liberty.

THE OCEAN JOURNAL.

Passengers by four of the largest Cunarders are to have the luxury of a newspaper printed on board, and supplied with wireless telegraphic news by Reuter. For twopence-halfpenny the voyager who is not feeling very well can cheer himself up with

THE MASCOT GIRDLE: A POPULAR JAPANESE WAR SUPERSTITION.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS IN THE FAR EAST.



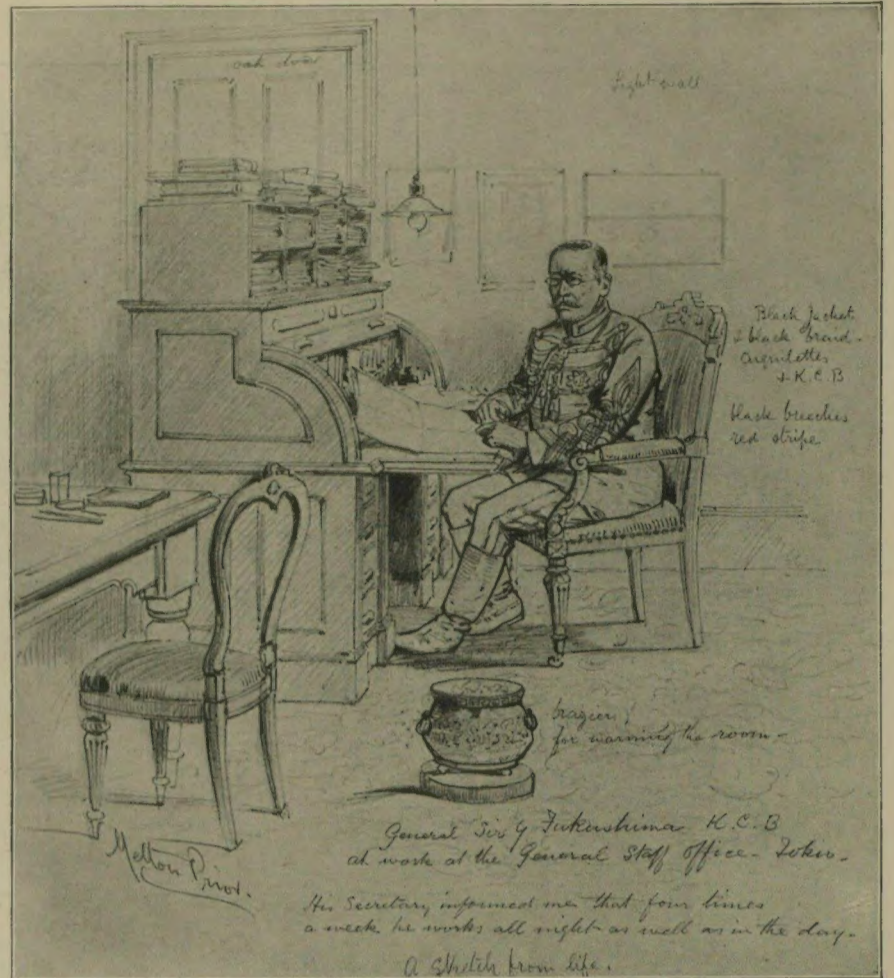
A TALISMAN FOR THE WARRIOR: STITCHING THE SAFETY GIRDLE IN THE STREETS OF KOBE.

MR. VILLIERS WRITES: "In Kobe, women are seen about the streets with long, narrow pieces of cotton stuff, in which they invite other women to put a few stitches. On each piece of cloth are a thousand black dots, and when each dot has had a thread passed through it by a different woman, the stuff is believed to have power to protect the wearer from all dangers in war. Very often quite a little crowd of eager women gathers in the streets round someone who is anxious to obtain the necessary stitches for a husband, a son, or a sweetheart."

WARLIKE JAPAN: MILITARY OFFICIALS, INVENTORS, AND SCENES OF THE PRESENT CRISIS.



THE MOST IMPORTANT JAPANESE AFTER THE EMPEROR: FIELD-MARSHAL THE MARQUIS OYAMA, PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL STAFF, TOKIO.
SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY MELTON PRIOR.



AN OFFICIAL WHO WORKS DAY AND NIGHT: GENERAL SIR Y. FUKUSHIMA IN HIS OFFICE AT THE GENERAL STAFF HEADQUARTERS, TOKIO.
SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY MELTON PRIOR.



THE INVENTOR OF THE ARISAKA RIFLE: MAJOR-GENERAL ARISAKA.



THE INVENTOR OF THE IJUIN FUSE: REAR-ADMIRAL IJUIN.



THE INVENTOR OF THE MIYABARA TUBULAR BOILER: ENGINEER REAR-ADMIRAL MIYABARA.



THE INVENTOR OF THE SHIMOSE GUNPOWDER: DR. SHIMOSE.



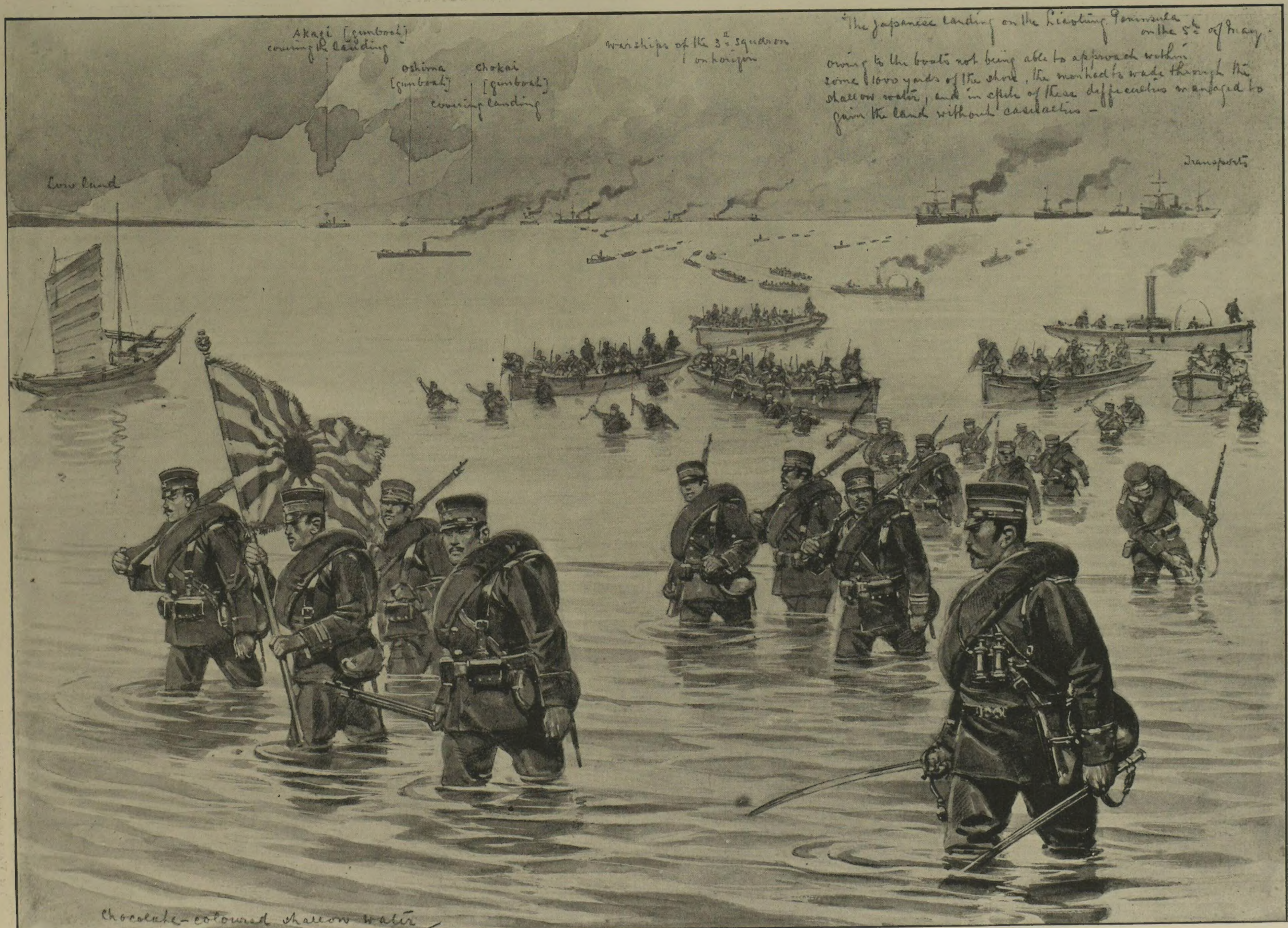
THE LATEST EXTRA WAR SPECIAL, OR "GOGAI," ON SALE IN THE GINZA, TOKIO.
SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR.



WRAPPED IN A MAT TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED: WOUNDED JAPANESE ON BOARD THE "ASAHI."
One of the most seriously wounded men was thus enabled to be photographed.

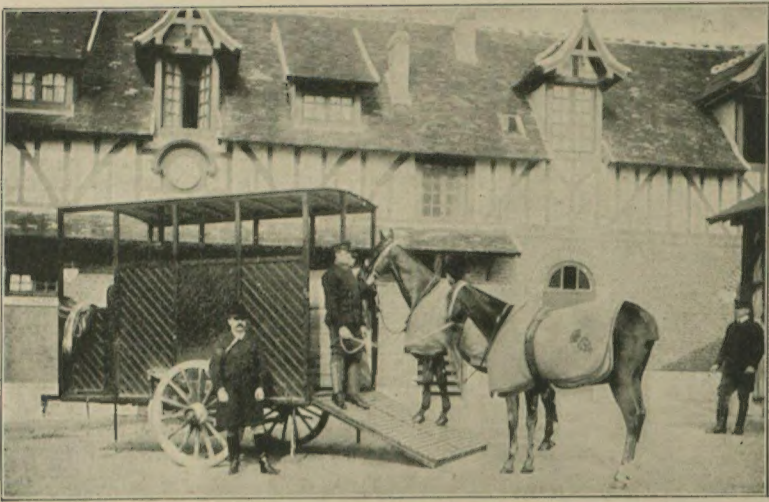
THE "ARMY FROM THE SKIES": THE JAPANESE OUTFLANKING PORT ARTHUR.

FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS IN THE FAR EAST.

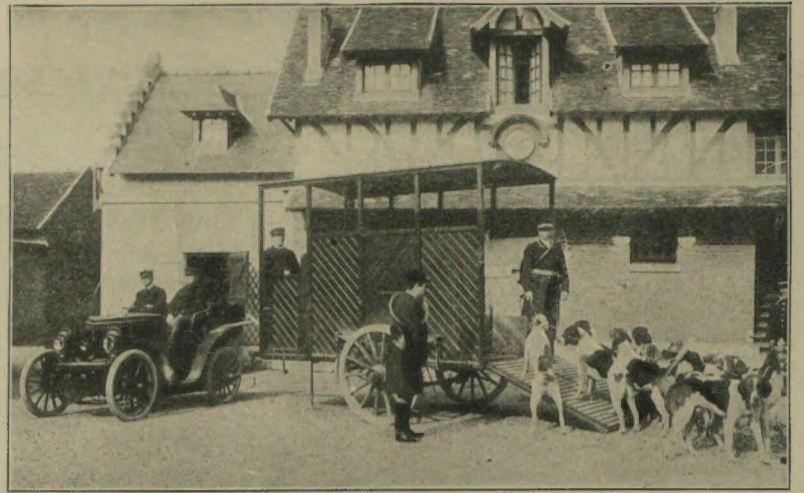


THE JAPANESE LANDING ON THE LIAO-TUNG PENINSULA, MAY 5.

When, after a long period of silence, the Japanese officially announced the descent of their army upon the coast of the Liao-tung Peninsula, they gave no precise indication as to whence the invaders had come, merely remarking, with a delightfully subtle simplicity, that "A landing had been effected by an army from the skies." These troops were afterwards victorious at Kin-chau.



PUTTING HUNTERS INTO THE HORSE-BOX.



THE HOUNDS ENTERING THE MOTOR-DRAWN WAGON.

THE MOTOR-CAR IN THE HUNTING-FIELD: A FRENCH SPORTSMAN'S DEVICE FOR CONVEYING HUNTERS AND HOUNDS TO THE MEET.

Count Maurice Pillet-Will, the celebrated French sportsman, saves his hunters and hounds for the actual work of the chase by driving them to the meet in motor-drawn vans. The horse-box is like that used on the railway, but of lighter build. The same car can also be adapted for conveying the dogs.

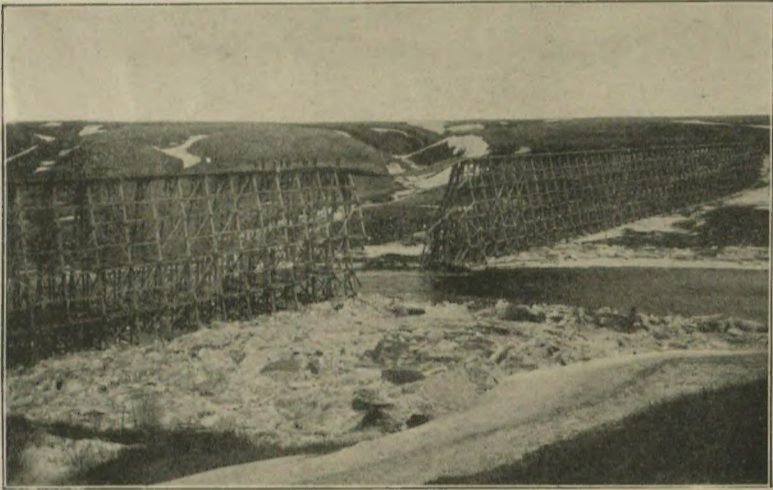


Photo. Waterhouse.

WRECKED BY AN "ICE-SHOVE": DAMAGE TO A TRESTLE-BRIDGE ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY (LINE LEFT INTACT).

Moose Creek, in Assiniboia, is often frozen to a depth of eight feet. The broken ice exercises tremendous pressure, and recently wrecked the railway-bridge spanning the stream.



Photo. Coze

THE COBDEN CENTENARY, JUNE 3: THE DEMONSTRATION AT OATSCROFT, NEAR MIDHURST.

The photograph was taken while Prince Kropotkin was speaking. On his left is Mrs. Cobden-Unwin, daughter of Richard Cobden.



THE BRITISH RESIDENT WAITING TO RECEIVE THE EMIR.



SCENE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE.



THE WALLS OF KANO FROM THE DITCH.

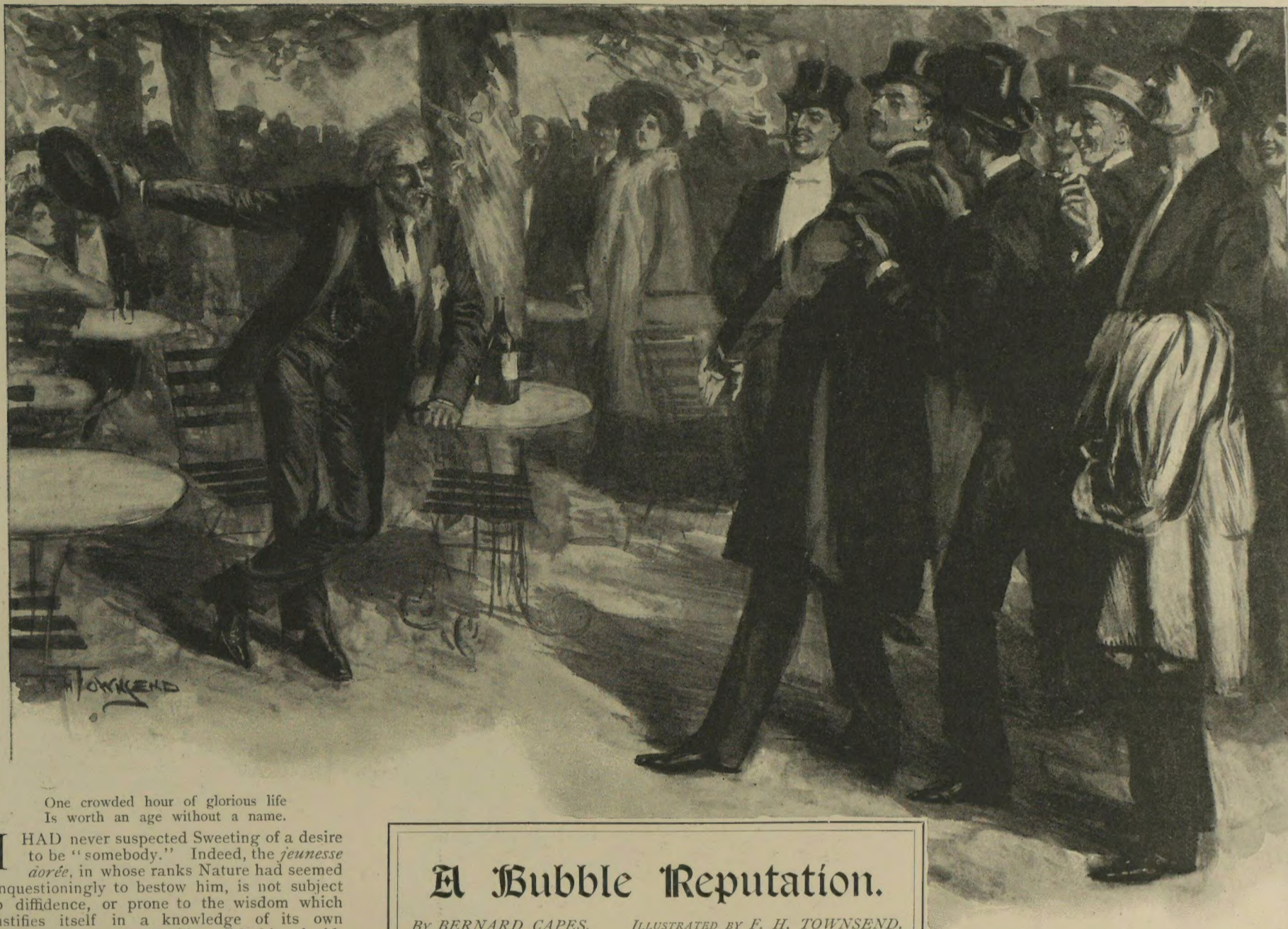


THE EMIR'S RETAINERS RIDING UP TO SALUTE THE PALACE GATE.

THE OPENING UP OF NIGERIA: THE EMIR OF KANO'S RETURN TO HIS CAPITAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. THOMPSON, MEDICAL OFFICER AT KANO.

On his return to his capital last month, the Emir was received with great rejoicings. The British Resident, the Hon. Arthur Bailey, with Lieutenant von Essen Moberly and a large escort of mounted infantry and troops of the West African Frontier Force, rode out to welcome him and conduct him to the Palace. The Emir, dressed completely in white, approached on a splendid charger. Over him was borne the enormous State umbrella recently presented to him by the High Commissioner. In attendance was a host of retainers attired with barbaric magnificence.



One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

I HAD never suspected Sweeting of a desire to be "somebody." Indeed, the *jeunesse dorée*, in whose ranks Nature had seemed unquestioningly to bestow him, is not subject to diffidence, or prone to the wisdom which justifies itself in a knowledge of its own limitations. I was familiar with his placid, cherubic face at a minor club or two, in the Park, in Strand restaurants and Gaiety stalls; and it had never once occurred to me to classify him as apart from his fellows of the exquisite guild. If, like Keats, he could appreciate the hell of conscious failure, its most poignant anguish, I could have sworn, would borrow from some too-late realisation of the correctest "form" in a hat-brim or shirt-collar. I could have sworn it, I say, and I should have been, of course, mistaken. Keats may have claimed it as his poetical prerogative to go ill-dressed, and to object, though John, to be dubbed "Johnny." It remained to Sweeting to prove that a man might be a very typical "Johnny" and a poet to boot. But I will explain.

One day I entered the reading-room of the Junior Winston and nodded to Sweeting, who was seated solitary at the newspaper-table. While I was hunting for the *Saturday Review*—which was conducting, I had been told, the vivisection of a friend of mine—my attention was attracted by something actually ostentatious in Sweeting's perusal of *his* sheet, and I glanced across. Judge my astonishment when I saw in his hands, not *Baily's* or the *Pink 'Un*, but the very periodical I sought. I gasped; then grinned.

"Hullo!" I said. "Since when have you taken to that?"

He attempted to reply with a face of wondering hauteur, but gave up at the first twitch.

"Oh," he said, rather bullishly, "you literary professionals think no one's in it but yourselves."

"In what?"

"Why, this sort of thing," he said, tapping the *Saturday*; "the real stuff, you know."

"Indeed," I said, "we don't. You're always welcome to the reversion of my place in it for one."

"Oh, me!" he said airily. "It don't positively apply there, you see, being a sort of a kind of a professional myself."

"My Sweet!" I exclaimed. "A professional—you?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "Didn't you know? Write for the *Argonaut*. Little thing of mine in it last number."

I felt faint.

"May I see it?" I murmured. "If I don't mistake, it's under your elbow at this moment."

"Is it?" he answered, blushing flagrantly. "Lor' bless me, so it is!"

I took it from his hand, opened it, and read, over his undoubted signature—Marmaduke Sweeting—the title, "The Fool of the Family."

"Ah!" I thought, "of course. Like title like author."

But I was wrong. The tale, a veritable *conte drolatique*, was as keen and strong as a Maupassant. I had no choice but to take it at a draught,

A Bubble Reputation.

By BERNARD CAPES. ILLUSTRATED BY F. H. TOWNSEND.

smacking my lips after. Then I put the paper softly down and looked across at him. His harmless features were set in a sort of hypnotic smile, his hat was tilted over his eyes, and he was making constant mouthfuls of the large silver knob of his stick. My eyes travelled to and fro between this figure and the figures of print that were *him*. What possible connection was between the two? I thought of Buffon writing in lace ruffles, and all at once recognised a virtue in immaculate shirt-cuffs, and decided to consult some fashionable hosiery about raising my price per thousand words. In the meantime my respect for Sweeting was born.

"So," I said, "you are somebody after all?"

"Am I?" he answered, grinning bucolic. "Glad you've found it out."

"Why," I said, "honestly there's genius in this story; but nothing to what you've shown in concealing that you had any. There must be much more to come out of the same bin."

He flushed and laughed and wriggled as I walked over and sat beside him.

"Oh, I daresay!" he said. "Hope so, anyhow."

"Not a doubt. What made you think of it, now?"

"Oh! I thought of it," he said; and after all, there was no better reply to an idiotic question. I was beginning humbly to appraise intellectual self-sufficiency at its value, and to appreciate the hundred disguises of reason.

I saw a good deal of Sweeting, on his own initiative, after this. He would visit me in my rooms, and discuss—none too sapiently, I may have thought in other circumstances, and with the most ingenuous admiration for his own abilities—the values of certain characters as portrayed by him in a brilliant series, "The Love-Letters of a Nonconformist," which had immediately followed in the *Argonaut* "The Fool of the Family," and was taking the town by storm. Thus, "What d'ee think of that old Lupin, last number," he would chuckle, "with his calling virtue an 'emu,' don'tcherknow?"

"Ha, yes!" I would correct him, with a nervous laugh. "'Anæmia' was the word. You meant it, of course."

"Why, didn't I say it?" he would answer. "It's got a big swallow anyhow," and then he would check himself suddenly, and, without further explanation, eye me, and begin to whistle.

Now I might recall the passage to which he referred (to wit, that every red blood corpuscle, being a seed peccancy, so to speak, made virtue an anæmia) and try to puzzle out a quite new significance in it.

Suspecting that its author's apparent naïveté was only a finesse, I was respectfully guarded in my answers, and, when he was gone, would curiously ponder the perspicacious uses to which he would put them. He did not consult me, I felt, as an oracle; but rather drew upon me for the vulgar currency of thought to which his exclusiveness was a stranger. He was very secret about his own affairs; though I understood that he was becoming quite an important "name" in the literary world. Ostensibly he was not, after that first essay, to be identified with the *Argonaut*, though anyone having an ounce of the proper appreciation could scarcely fail to mark in the "Love-Letters" the right succession of qualities which had made the earlier story notable. Indeed, he suffered more than any man I knew from the penalties attaching to the popular author. The number of communications, both signed and anonymous, which he received from admirers was astonishing. Scarce a day passed but he brought me specimens of them to discuss and laugh over. I did not, I must admit, think his comments always in good taste; but then I was not personally subject to the flattering pursuit, and so may have been no more constituted to judge than a monk is of a worldling.

These testimonies to his fame were from every sort of individual—the soldier, the divine, the poet, the painter, the actor (and more especially the actress), the young person of views, the social butterfly, the gushing late of the latest lifelong passion for art or religion, and finding, as usual, the taste of life sour on her lips after a recent debauch of sentiment. They all found something in the "Love-Letters" to meet their particular cases—some note of subtle sympathy, some first intimation to their misunderstood spirits of a kindred emotion which had *felt*, and could lay its finger with divine solace on the spot. No longer would they suffer a barren grievance—that hair-shirt which not a soul suspected but to giggle over. To take, for example, from the series a typical sentence which served so many for a text—

"To whom does the materialist cry his defiance—to whom but to God? He cannot rest from baiting a Deity whose existence he denies. He forgets that irony can wring no response from a vacuum." Apropos of which wrote the following—

A HALF-PAY GENERAL.—Don't tell me, Sir, but you've served, like me, a confounded ungrateful country, and learned your lesson! Memorialise the devil rather than the War Office. You've hit it off in your last sentence to a T.

A CHORUS GIRL.—Dear Sir,—You mean me to understand, I know, and you're quite right. The British public

"Honoured, Sir, 'm sure, Sir."

has no more ears than a ass, or they'd recognise who ought to be playing Lotta in "The Belle of Battersea." It's such a comfort you can't tell. Please forgive this presumptuous letter from a stranger.—Yours very affectionately,
DOLLY.

AN APOSTOLIC FISHERMAN.—I like your metaphor. I would suggest only "ground-baiting a Deity" as more subtly applicable to the tactics of a worldling. Note: "And Simon Peter said, 'I go a-fishing.'"

Take, again, this excerpt: "*Doctors' advice to certain patients to occupy their minds recalls the Irishman's receipt for making a cannon, 'Take a hole and pour brass round it.'*" Of which a "True Hibernian" wrote—

SIR,—I've always maintained that the genuine "bull," fathered on my suffering country, came from the loins of the English lion. Murder, now! How could a patient occupy his doctor's mind as well as his own, unless he was beside himself? And then he'd have no mind at all.

Or take, once more and to end, the sentence: "*The Past is that paradoxical possession, a Shadow which we would not drop for the Substance*"; which evoked the following from "One who has Felt the Weariness, the Fever, and the Fret"—

How strangely and exquisitely phrased! It brings, I know not how, the memory of the Channel before me. I have only crossed it once; but, oh! the recollection! the solemn moving waters to which my soul went out!

These are specimens, but a few, of the responses wrung by Sweeting from the human chords he touched. There were, in addition, prayers innumerable for autographs, requests for the reading of manuscripts, petitions for gratis copies of his works, to be sold for any and every charity but the betterment of impoverished authors. He fairly basked in the sunshine of a great reputation. There was only one flaw in his enormous self-satisfaction. By a singular perversity and most inexplicable coincidence, every one of these signed documents was without an address. But, after all, coincidence, which is only another name for the favouritism of Fate, must occasionally glut itself on an approved subject. Sweeting was in favour with the gods, and enjoyed "a high old time of it," principally, perhaps, because he did not appear to be ambitious of impressing any "set" but that with which he was wont to foregather, and above which he made no affectation now of rising superior.

I had an example one evening of this intellectual modesty when casually visiting the Earl's Court grounds. There I encountered my friend, the centre and protagonist of a select company in the enclosure. All exquisitely wore exquisite evening dress (for myself I always scornfully eschewed the livery), and all gravitated about Sweeting with the unconscious homage which imbecility pays to brains—"the desire of the moth for the star." I could see at once that he was become their Sirius, their bright particular glory, reflecting credit upon their order. And he, who might have commanded the suffrages of the erudite, seemed content with his little conquest—to have reached, indeed, the apogee of his ambition—a one-eyed king among the blind. These suffered my introduction with some condescension, as a mere larva of Grub Street. They knew themselves now as the stock from which was generated this real genius. As for me, I was Gil Blas's playwright at the supper of comedians. And then, at somebody's initiative, we were all swaggering off together along the walks.

Now, I had always had a sort of envy of the *esprit de ton* which unites the guild of amiable gadflies; and, finding myself here, for all my self-conscious intellectual superiority, of the smallest account, I grew quickly sardonic. If I knew who wrote the "Heptameron" I didn't know, even by name, the Toddy Tomes who was setting all the town roaring and droning with his song, "Papa's Perpendicular Pants." It is a peevish experience to be "out of it," even if the *it* is no more intelligible than a Toddy Tomes's topical; and gradually I waxed quite savage. Reputation is only relative, after all. There is no popular road to fame. As an abstract acquisition, it may be said to pertain at its highest to the man who combines quick perceptions with adaptive sympathies. I was not that man. In all but exclusively my own company I felt "out of it," awkward because resentful, and resentful because awkward. I despised these asses, however franked by Sweeting, yet coveted, vainly, the temporary grace of seeming at home with them. I got very cross. And then we alighted on Slater.

I knew it for his name by Sweeting's greeting him in response to his hail. He was seated at a little table all by himself, drinking champagne, and alternately turning up and biting the ends of a red tag of beard and luridly pulling at a ponderous cigar. He was a small, dingy person, so obviously inebriated that the little human clearing in which he sat solitary was nothing more than the formal recognition of his state. He also, it was evident, to my disgust, despised the conventions of dress, but without any of those qualms

of self-consciousness with which I was troubled. He lolled back, his crushed hat over his eyes, a hump of dicky and knotted tie escaping from his waistcoat-front, his disengaged thumb hooked into an arm-hole—as filthy a little vagabond, confident and maudlin and truculent in one, as you could wish. And he hailed Sweeting as a familiar.

My friend stopped, with a rather sheepish grin.

"Hullo, Slater!" said he. "A wet night, ain't it?"

Our little group came chuckling all about the baboon. Even then, I noticed I was the one looked upon



"So," I said, "you are somebody after all?"

with most obvious disfavour by the surrounding company.

"Look here," said Sweeting, suddenly gripping me to the front. "Here's one of your cloth, Slater. Let me introduce you," and he whispered in my ear, "Awfully clever chap. You'll like him when you know."

I suppose my instant and instinctive repulsion was patent even to the sot. He lurched to his feet and swept off his crumpled hat with an extravagance bow. Sweeting's pack went into a howl of laughter. It was evident they were not unacquainted with the creature, and looked to him for some fun.

"My cloth, Sir?" vociferated the beast. "Honoured, Sir, 'm sure, Sir. Will you allow me to cut my coat according to it, Sir? Has any gentleman a pair of scissors? Just the tails, Sir, no more—quite large enough for me; and you'd look very elegant in an Eton jacket."

I tried to laugh at this idiotic badinage and couldn't.

"Oh, crikey, wouldn't he!" said a vulgar onlooker.

"Like a sugar-barrel in a weskit."

Then, as everybody roared, I lost my temper.

"Don't be a fool," whispered Sweeting. "It's the way he'll get his change out of you."

"Change!" I snapped, furious. "No change could be for the worse with him, I should think. Let me pass, please!"

The odious wretch was pursuing me all the time I spoke, while the others hemmed me in, edging me towards him and roaring with laughter. Sweeting himself made no effort to assist me, but stood to one side, irresistibly giggling, though with a certain anxiety in his note.

"Call off your puppies!" I cried ragingly, and with the word was sent flying into the very arms of Slater. I felt something rip, and at a blow my hat sink over my eyes; and then a chill friendly voice entered into the *mélée*.

"Oh, look here, Slater, that'll do, you know!"

I wrenched my eyes free. My champion was not Sweeting, but Voules, Sir Francis Voules, of whom more hereafter. He was cool and vicious, and as faultlessly dressed as the others, but in a manner somehow superior to the foppery of their extreme youth. He carried a light overcoat on his arm.

"Oh! will it?" said Slater.

"Yes, I said so," said Voules, pausing a moment from addressing me to scan him. Slater slouched back to his table. Nobody laughed again.

In the meantime, Sir Francis was helping me to restore my hat to shape, and to don his overcoat.

"Yours is split to the neck," he said. "Now, let's go."

He took my arm, and we strolled off together. The crowd, quite respectful, parted, and we were engulfed in it.

I was grateful to Voules, of course, but inexplicably resentful of his cool masterfulness. Truth to tell, we were souls quite antipathetic; and now he had put me right—with everybody but myself. In a helpless attempt to restore that balance, I snarled fiercely, smacking fist into palm—

"I'll have the law of that beast! You know him, it seems? I can't congratulate you on your friends."

"Sweeting was most to blame," said Voules quietly. I grunted, and strode on fuming.

"But, after all," said Voules, "the poor ass had to back up his confederate."

I glanced at him as we walked.

"His confederate?"

"Of course. Didn't you know? Slater really writes the things for which Sweeting gets the credit."

"Oh, come, Voules! Here's one of your foolhardy calumnies. You really should be careful. Some day you'll get into trouble."

"Oh, very well!"

"You talk as if it were an open secret."

"You know Sweeting as well as I. Do you recognise his style in the Nonconformist lucubrations? Possibly you've had letters from him?"

"I've some specimens of letters to him now—letters from admirers. If anything were needed to refute your absurd statement, there they are in evidence."

He gave a little dry laugh; then touched my sleeve eagerly.

"You wouldn't think it abusing a confidence to show me those letters?"

"I don't know why. Sweeting's laid no embargo on me."

"Very well. If you'll let me, I'll come home with you now."

I stumbled on in a sort of haze.

I did not believe this to be any more than a mad shot in the dark. Sir Francis was one of those men who made mischief as Pygmalion made Galatea. He fell in love with his own conceptions—would go any lengths to gratify his passion for detraction. Do not suppose, from his prefix, that he was a bold, bad baronet. He was just an actor of the new creation—belonged to what was known by doyens of the old Crummles school as the be-knighted profession. The stage was an important incident in his social life, and he seldom missed a rehearsal of any piece to which he was engaged.

"You know this Slater?" I said, as I drove in my latchkey, "as what?"

"As a clever, disreputable, and perfectly unscrupulous journalist."

"It's preposterous! What could induce him to part with such a notoriety?"

"The highest bidder, of course."

"What! Sweeting? If he's still the simple Johnny you'd have him be?"

"I'm yet to learn that the simple Johnny lacks vanity."

"But, for him, such an unheard-of way to gratify it?"

"Opportunism, Sir. There are more things in the Johnny's philosophy than we dream of."

"Well, I simply don't believe it."

Voules read, with an immobile face, the letters which Sweeting had left with me. At the end he looked up.

"Are you open to a bet?"

"Can't afford it."

"Never mind, then." He rose. "Truth for its own sake will do. Anyhow, I presume, you don't object to countering on Slater?"

"Oh, do what you like!"

"Thanks. Would you wish to be in at the death?"

"Just as you please."

"You see," said he, with a pleasant affectation of righteousness, "if my surmise is correct—and you're the first one I've ventured to confide in—it's my plain duty to prick a very preposterous bubble. Thank you for lending yourself to the cause of decency. Don't say anything till you hear from me. Good-bye!"—and he was gone, followed by my inclination, only my inclination, to hurl a book after him.

I sat tight—always the more as I swelled over the delay—till, on the third day following, Sweeting called on me. He came in very shamefaced, but with a sort of suppressed triumph to support his abjectness.

"I couldn't help it, you know," he said; "and I gave him a bit of my mind after you'd gone."

"Indeed," I answered, quite good-humouredly; "that was what you couldn't well afford, and it was generous of you."

He was blankly impervious to the sarcasm. Had it been otherwise, my new-fledged doubts had perhaps fluttered to the ground. After a moment I saw him pull a paper from his pocket.

"Look here," he said, vainly trying to suppress some emotion, which was compound, in suggestion, of elation and terror. "You've made your little joke, haven't you, over all those other people forgettin' to put their addresses? Well, what do you think of that for the Prime Minister?"

I took from his hand a sheet of large official-looking paper, and read—

Dear Sir,—You may have heard of my book, "The Foundations of Assent." If so, you will perhaps be interested

to learn that I am contemplating a complete revision of its text in the light of your "Love-Letters." They are plainly illuminating. From being a man of no assured opinions, I have become converted, through their medium, to a firm belief in the importance of the Nonconformist suffrage. Permit me the honour, waiving the Premier, to shake by the hand as fellow-scribe the author of that incomparable series. I shall do myself the pleasure to call upon you at your rooms at nine o'clock this evening, when I have a little communication to make which I hope will not be displeasing to you. Permit me to subscribe myself, with the profoundest admiration, your obedient servant,

J. A. BURLEIGH.

"Well," I murmured, feeling suffocated, "there's no address here either."

"No," he answered; "but, I say, it's rather crushing. Won't you come and help me out with it?"

"What do you want me for?" I protested. "I've no wish to be annihilated in the impact between two great minds. You aren't afraid?"

"Oh, no!" he said, perspiring. "It'll be just a shake, and 'So glad,' and 'Thanks, awfully,' I suppose, and nothing more to speak of. But you might just as well come, on the chance of helping me out of a tight place. It's *viva voce*, don'tcherknow—not like writin', with all your wits about you. And I shall get some other fellows there too, so's we aren't allowed to grow too intimate; and you might as well."

"I wonder what the 'communication' is," I mused.

"Oh, nothin' much, I don't suppose," said Sweeting with a blushing nonchalance. But it was evident that he had pondered the delirious enigma and emerged from it Sir Marmaduke.

"Well," I concluded rather sourly, "I'll come."

He went away much relieved, and I fell into a fit of stupor. In the afternoon a telegram from Voules reached me, "Be at Sweeting's 8.45 to-night."

At a quarter to nine I kept my appointment. Sweeting was insufferably well-to-do, and his rooms were luxurious. They were inhabited at the moment by an irreproachable and almost silent company. Among them I encountered many of the young gentlemen who had been witnesses of, and abettors in, my discomfiture the other night. But they were all too nervous now to presume upon the recognition—too oppressed with the stupendous nature of the honour about to be conferred upon their host—too self-weighted with their responsibility as his kindred and associates. They could only ogle him with large eyes over immensely stiff collars, as he moved about from one to another, panic-struck but radiant. It was the crowning moment of his life; yet its sweeter aftermath, I could feel, reposed for him in the sleek necks of champagne-bottles just visible on a supper-table in the next room. He longed to pass from the test to the toast, and the intoxicating memory of a triumph happily accomplished. And then suddenly Slater came in.

He was not expected, I saw in a moment. Indeed, how could such a death's-head claim place in such a feast? He was no whit improved upon my single memory of him, unless, to give the little beast his due, a shade less inebriated. But he was as grinning, cock-sure, and truculent a little Bohemian as ever. Sweeting stared at him aghast.

"Good Lord, Slate," said he, "what brings you here, now?"

"Why, your wire, old chap," said the animal.

"I never sent one, I swear."

"Oho!" cries Slater, glaring. "D'you want to go back on your word? Ain't I fine enough for this fine company?" and he pulled a dirty scrap of paper out of his pocket, and screeched, "Read what you said yourself, then!"

The telegram went round from hand to hand. I read, when it came to my turn: "Come supper my rooms 8.45 to-night. M. Sweeting."

"I never sent it," protested our host. "It must be a hoax. Look here, Slate. The truth is, the Prime Minister wrote he wanted to make my acquaintance, because—because of the 'Letters,' you know; and—and he's due here in a few minutes."

The creature grinned like a jackal.

"My eyes, what fun!" he said. "I shall love to see you two meet."

"There's—there's fizz in the next room, Slate," said the miserable Sweeting.

"You needn't tell me," said Slater.

"I'd spotted it already."

And then, before another word could be said, the door was opened, and the guest of the evening announced.

He came in smiling, ingratiatory, the familiar willowy figure in pince-nez. We all rose, and the stricken Sweeting advanced to meet him. The great man, looking, it is true, a little surprised over his reception, held out his hand cordially.

"And is this—" he purred—and paused.

Sweeting did not answer: he was beyond it; but he nodded, and opened his mouth, as if to beg that the "communication" might be posted into it, and the matter settled off-hand.

"I did not, I confess," said the Premier, glancing smilingly round, "expect my little visit of duty—yes, of duty, Sir—to provoke this signal welcome on the part of a company in which I recognise, if I mistake not, a very constellation of the intellectual aristocracy."

Here a youth, with a solitaire in his eye, and a vague sense of Parliamentary fitness, ejaculated "Hear, hear!"

and immediately becoming aware of the enormity, quenched himself for ever.

"It makes," went on the right hon. gentleman, "the strict limit to my call, which less momentous but more exacting engagements have obliged me to prescribe, appear the more ungracious. In view of this enforced restriction, I have equipped myself with a single question and a message. Your answer to the first will, I hope—nay, I am convinced—justify the tenor of the second."

He released, with a smile, the hand which all this time he had retained, much to Sweeting's embarrassment, in his own. Finding it restored to him, Sweeting promptly put it in his pocket, like a tip.

"I ask," said the Premier, "the author of 'The Love-Letters of a Nonconformist' to listen to the following excerpt" (he produced a marked number of the *Argonaut* from his pocket) "from his own immortal series, as preliminary to some inquiry naturally evoked thereby"—and he read out, with the intonation of a confident orator: "We have (shall I not declare it, my sweet?) the most beautiful women and the most beautiful poets in the world—two very good things, but the latter unaccountable. Passion, in perpetuating, idyllically refines upon the features of its desire; hence the succession of assured physical loveliness in a race which, however insensible to the appeals of emotional and intellectual beauty, can understand and worship the beauty that is plain to see."

Here the reader paused, and looking over his glasses with a smile, very slightly shook his head, and murmuring, "the beauty that is plain to see! H'm! a fence that I will recommend to Rosebery," continued, "Passion endows passion, far-reaching, to bribe the gods with a compound interest of beauty. It touches heaven in imagination through its unborn generations. It tops the bunker of the world, and, soaring, drops, heedless of Time the putter, straight into the eighteenth hole of the empyrean."

The Premier stopped again, and, looking gravely at Sweeting, asked, "What is the eighteenth hole of the empyrean?"

Now I expected my friend to reveal himself, to sally brilliantly, referring his questioner, perhaps, to some satire in the making, some latter-day Apocalypse of which here was a sample extracted for bait to the curious. Well, he did reveal himself, but not in the way I hoped. He just strained and strained, and then dropped his jaw with the most idiotic little hee-haw of a laugh I ever heard, and—that was all.



"Good Lord, Slate," said he, "what brings you here now?"

The other, looking immensely surprised, repeated his question: "What, Sir, I ask you, is the eighteenth hole of the empyrean?"

"Why, the one the Irishman poured brass round."

I started. It was not Sweeting who spoke, but Slater. The little demon stood grinning in the background, his tongue in his cheek, and his hands in his trousers' pockets.

"H'mph!" said the Prime Minister. "Very apt, Sir. I recall the witticism. It is singularly applicable at the moment to the reorganisation of the Liberal party. 'Take a hole and pour brass round it.' Exactly."

His manner, there was no denying it, was extremely severe as he again addressed the perspiring Sweeting—

"Once more, Sir," he said, "I resume our discussion of a passage the intellectual rights in which you would seem to have made over to your friends." And, with a positive scowl, he continued his reading.

"So well" (writes the impassioned Nonconformist), "for the national appreciation of beauty that is physical. On the other hand (tell me, dear. It would come so reassuringly from your lips), what can account for the spasmodic recurrence in our midst of the inspired singer? What makes his reproduction possible among a people endowed with tunelessness, innocent of a metrical ear?"

Quite abruptly the Prime Minister ended, and, deliberately folding his paper, hypnotised with a searching stare his unhappy examinee.

"The question, Mr. Sweeting," said he, "is before the House. You will recognise it as ending—with some psychologic subtlety, to be continued in our next—number 10—the last published of the *Argonaut*. To me, I confess, the answer can be, like the Catholic Church, only one and indivisible. Upon the question of your conformity with my view depends the nature of the communication which I am to have the pleasure, conditionally, of making to you. Plainly, then, Sir, what makes possible the spasmodic recurrence of the inspired singer in the midst of a people endowed with tunelessness and innocent of a metrical ear? I feel convinced you can return no answer but one."

A dead silence fell upon the room. Sweeting scratched his right calf with his left foot, and giggled. Then in a moment, yielding the last of his wits to the unendurable strain, he gave all up, and, wheeling upon Slater: "Oh, look here, Slate!" he said. "What does?" and without waiting for the answer, drove himself a passage through his satellites, and collapsed half dead upon a sofa.

The Premier, with an amazing calm, returned the *Argonaut* to his pocket.

"Surely, Sir," said he, "this is inexplicable; but" (he made a denunciatory gesture with his hands) "it remains to me only to inform you that, conditional on your right reply to your own postulate, it was to have been my privilege to acquaint you of his Majesty's intention to bestow upon you a Civil List pension of £250 a year; which now, of course—"

He was interrupted by Slater—

"Oh, that's all one, Sir! Fit the cap on the right head. The answer's 'A Tory Government,' isn't it? I ought to know, as I wrote, and am writing, the stuff."

"You, Sir!"

All eyes were turned upon the beastly little genius, as he stood ruffling with greed and arrogance, and thence to the sofa.

"Oh, shut up!" said Sweeting feebly. "It was only a joke. I paid him, handsome I did, to let me have the kudos and letters and things. He'd the best of the bargain by a long chalk."

"He-he!" screeched Slater. "Why, you fool, did you think merit earned such recognition in this suffering world? Hope you enjoyed reading 'em, Sweet, as I did writing 'em." He turned, half-cringing, half-defiant, upon the guest. "I'm the author of the 'Love-Letters,' Sir—honour bright, I am; and I wrote every one of the testimonials, too, that that ass sets such store by. You'll take those into consideration, I hope."

"I shall, Sir," thundered the other—"in my estimate of a fool and his decoy."

He blazed round and snatched up his hat.

"Make way, gentlemen!" he roared, and strode for the door. A slip of paste-board fluttered from his hand to the carpet; he flung wide the portal, banged it to behind him, and was gone.

Someone, in a sort of spasmodic torpor, picked up the card, and immediately uttered a gasping exclamation. We all crowded round him, and, reading the superscription at which he was pointing, "Mr. Hannibal Withers, Momus Theatre," exchanged dumbfounded glances.

"Why, of course," stuttered a pallid youth; "it was Withers, Voules's pal; I recognise him now. He's the Prime Minister's double, you know, and—and he's been and goosed us!"

"What!" screamed Slater.

But I was off in a fit of hysterical laughter.

It was actually a fact. It is a mistake to suppose that your professional scandal-monger is prepared to build except on a substratum of truth. Voules had pricked the bubble as he had promised. The bargain, it was admitted, had been struck—on Slater's side for such a consideration as would submerge him in champagne had he desired it. He had written and sent the manuscripts to Sweeting, who had had them typed, and passed them on to the *Argonaut* as his own. But the real author knew that his tenure was insecure so long as the other's colossal vanity was not ministered to. Hence the correspondence, in which the little monster burlesqued his own lucubrations. It might all have ended in a case of perpetual blackmail (Sweeting never could see beyond the end of his own nose) had not the bait answered so instantly to Voules's calculations.

There was a bitter attack on the immorality of the stage in the next number of the *Argonaut*, which subsequently had to compound with Voules under threat of an action for libel. But Sweeting had his wish. He was "somebody," as never yet. Until he took his notoriety for a long sea-voyage he was more crushingly than any gentleman in the "Dunciad" "damn'd to fame."

THE END.



AT GENERAL KUROPATKIN'S HEADQUARTERS: A COSSACK REGIMENT AT LIAO-YANG.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Jim Poulett (Mr. Forbes-Robertson).



Szentes Istvan, a Magyar Leader (Mr. G. S. Titheradge). Szentes Leta (Miss Gertrude Elliott).

MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON IN QUASI-MELODRAMA.—"THE EDGE OF THE STORM," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE: PROLOGUE (SMALL DESIGN) AND ACT III., SCENE I.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



THE INTREPID JAPANESE ATTACK: CARRYING A DECLIVITY BY STORM.
DRAWN BY ANDRÉ DEVAMBEZ.



THE TERROR OF THE EASTERN SEAS: JAPANESE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS LAYING MINES OUTSIDE PORT ARTHUR.
FROM A SKETCH BY ALEX. KIRCHER.

THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT OF 1904: THE BALACLAVA MÊLÉE.

DRAWN BY GILBERT HOLIDAY.



MIMIC SWORD-PLAY.

The opposing teams are distinguished by different-coloured plumes. The combatants fence with basket-sticks, and the side that cuts off most plumes wins. The mêlée was occasionally varied this year by opposing the horsemen with teams of mounted dummies. The horses dodged so cleverly that the men seldom were able to cut off a dummy's plume.

LOOKING FOR SUPPORTS: WITH THE BELEAGUERED BRITISH MISSION IN TIBET.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



A BRITISH POST OF OBSERVATION NEAR GYANTSE: WATCHING FOR REINFORCEMENTS.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

ANEMONE HISTORY.

Another shore ramble opens up before our minds to-day the prospect of many intellectual possibilities to the individual who cares to make the close acquaintance of some of the more common denizens of the beach. A very democratic inhabitant is the common sea-anemone, the type of a very large family. It numbers among its near relations the corals themselves, for a common coral-polye is only an anemone (or, at least, a near relation) which has taken unto itself the habit of building up within or without its body a skeleton of hard chalk, or, to put the matter more scientifically, a skeleton of carbonate of lime.

Persons who are by no means old will remember the advent of the marine aquarium. I allude to the large establishments which sprang up here and there in coast-towns. Of the multitude few survive to-day; that at Brighton is perhaps the best known, and I believe the Crystal Palace Aquarium is also still to the fore. Much was hoped of these aquaria in the way of educational influence. Lloyd, Lee, and others, enthusiastic naturalists themselves, tried their best to make the aquarium a means of interesting people in natural history. It was nothing to their discredit that they failed. The public flocked for a time to the novel sight of seeing fishes and other marine forms sporting themselves in the water behind the plate-glass fronts of their tanks. Lectures on the tenants of the tanks were tried, but were voted dull. Perhaps the right men could not be had as lecturers; perhaps the public were not educated up to take an interest in the ways and works of marine life. Be the cause what it might, the days of the aquarium as a popular scientific institution were quickly numbered, and the establishment fell to the lower level of to-day, which combines in itself a theatre, a concert-room, a winter-garden, or even a fancy fair as its essential features.

Yet the marine aquarium, failure or not, was a revelation to us. It showed the possibility of keeping marine species in their native waters for long periods if only due regard was paid to the aëration of the water. I confess that to-day, old stager as I am in things zoological, the aquarium has still a tremendous fascination for me. I revel in it all, from the aspect of the anemone-tank that looks like a peaceful flower-garden with its multicoloured denizens, to the submarine flights of the flounder, the sinuous gliding of the dogfish, or the matching of the octopus with his rocky surroundings. It was the aquarium which undoubtedly popularised the anemone family. Its members had been seen in the rock-pools, but they had not before been collected, deftly placed in tanks, and allowed to blossom forth in all their beauty like marine flowers of exquisite hues, ranging in tint from pure white to orange and crimson.

Anemone history is full of surprises for us. Huxley speaks of these animals as having become familiar to the verge of boredom; but that expression implied weariness from the uninstructed side of things only. It is, first of all, a curious creature, in that the mouth, which you see in the centre of the body, surrounded by the tentacles, leads into a stomach which is like a pocket with the bottom cut out. In other words, it opens below into the body-cavity of the animal, and this is a feature of all the members of the anemone class. Doubtless when digestion is going on—the anemones devour all and sundry that may stumble across their tentacles—the lower end of the bottomless pocket is closed. When digestion is over, the pocket uncloses below, and there ensues a direct circulation through the body of the nutritive matters obtained from the food.

Each anemone is a single animal, but there is one species which takes to budding, and as the buds remain connected we find a small co-operative association thus formed. It is different with the vast majority of the corals. They bud and divide, and as the buds grow into adults and remain to form part of the colony, we may readily appreciate how a coral reef attains its huge dimensions. Also, each coral will give off eggs, which will settle down and form the beginnings of new colonies, thus permitting indefinite increase. The history of our anemone reveals a singular power of reproducing lost parts, and of reconstituting itself after severe mutilation and injury, under which any ordinary animal would surely succumb.

Naturalists have duly recorded that if a sea-anemone be divided in halves longitudinally, a new animal will in time be reproduced by each half, assuming the anemone is kept in pure sea-water. An old zoologist relates how he watched an anemone which somehow or other had contrived to half swallow one of the valves of an oyster-shell. Practically the shell stuck in its gizzard, and gradually cut its way down through the soft tissues of the anemone until it halved the animal as by a partition. Perfect reproduction of two anemones through the division of one was noted to be the result of this accident. Even a fragment or two of an anemone-body left attached to its rock may in due season reproduce a new body.

This curious feature of reproducing lost parts—or even a half or whole body—is not limited to the anemones. The little fresh-water hydra illustrates the same wonderful power of recuperation after division. Higher up in the scale we find a starfish reproducing its lost rays, and a crab growing new claws in place of missing members. The newts or efts will grow new tails, or even new legs on occasion, so that the power of repairing life's injuries is not limited to lower existence precisely. When we ascend to the highest races, this power is lost, by reason of the fact that the nervous system there completely dominates life. We have then an autocracy where one part is not as good as another. We get a democracy in lower life with parts possessing equal powers of reproducing lost units. **ANDREW WILSON.**

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

MALCOLM SIM.—After White's second move in your main variation you have overlooked 2. Kt to B sq (ch).

R S G BURKE.—One with the White King at R 5th appeared in our issue of Dec. 5, 1903. We are much obliged for further enclosures, which shall have attention.

FAKIR CHUNDRA DUTT (Calcutta).—In No. 1 where is the mate if Black play either B to R 5th or P to B 5th? In No. 2 the first move is very good; but the second move utterly ruins the problem.

A W DANIEL.—Before publishing your excellent two-mover we should like to know the use of the White Pawn at B 2nd.

J O THAIN (Bristol).—Your problem shall be examined in due course.

J J SCARFILL (Bromley).—Problem No. 3135 is correctly printed, and it is curious you are baffled by a minor variation. If Black play 1. R to Kt 6th, mate surely follows in two more moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 3129 AND 3130 received from Handel Smith (Colombo); of No. 3131 from Robert H Hixen (New York City); of No. 3132 from C Field Junior (Athol, Mass.) and Robert H Hixen (New York City); of No. 3134 from Clement C Danby, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), R F H Edwards (Sydenham), F Glanville (Tufnell Park), C E Perugini, and George Fisher (Belfast).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3135 received from Valentin Oppermann (Marselles), E Fear Hill (Trowbridge), F Henderson (Leeds), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Reginald Gordon, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and R F H Edwards (Sydenham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3134.—By H. E. KIDSON.

WHITE.

1. R to B sq
2. Q to B 2nd
3. Kt Mates

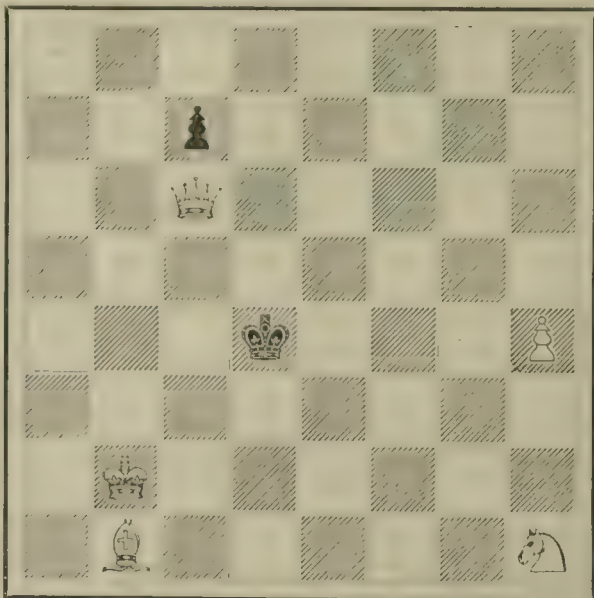
BLACK.

- P to K 7th
- P to B 5th

If Black play 1. B takes P, or P to B 5th; 2. Q to Kt 2nd (ch); 2. K moves; 3. Kt takes B, Mate.

PROBLEM NO. 3137.—By F. HPALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Tournament at Cambridge Springs, between Messrs. NAPIER and LAWRENCE.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. N.)

1. P to K 4th

2. Kt to K B 3rd

3. B to Kt 5th

4. B to R 4th

5. Castles

6. P to Q 4th

7. B to Kt 3rd

8. P to Q R 4th

BLACK (Mr. L.)

1. P to K 4th

2. Kt to Q B 3rd

3. P to Q R 3rd

4. Kt to B 3rd

5. Castles

6. P to Q Kt 4th

7. P to Q 4th

8. P to Q 4th

WHITE (Mr. N.)

18. Kt to B 5th

20. P takes B

21. R to R 6th

22. P to Q Kt 4th

23. B takes Kt

24. R to K 2nd

25. P to R 3rd

26. Q to Q 2nd

27. Q takes B P

28. K to B 2nd

29. K to Kt 3rd

30. Q to K 3rd

31. P to B 4th

32. K to B 3rd

33. K to B 2nd

34. B takes R

35. R takes Q

36. R takes P

37. R (Q sq) to Kt 5th

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CHILDHOOD IN JAPAN: THE LITTLE SUBJECTS OF THE FAR EASTERN EMPEROR.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PERCIVAL PHILLIPS, ONE OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS IN THE FAR EAST.



1. SCHOOLGIRLS IN THE PARK.

2. THE BABY-CART.

3. EVERYDAY TYPES.

4. PLAYING IN THE DOORWAY: CHILDREN (PHOTOGRAPHED WITHOUT THEIR KNOWLEDGE) ON THE DOORSTEP OF A YOKOHAMA CORDAGE-DEALER.

5. CHILDREN IN A TEMPLE GARDEN AT TOKIO.

The border designs are also from photographs by our correspondent. Some attempt at military dress is very fashionable among Japanese schoolboys at the present moment, and the soldier's cap on children is as common in the streets of Tokio as it was in London during the South African War. The curious little figure in the second compartment from the top on the left is a child street-singer. The scene on a public seal in one of the Tokio gardens is curiously similar to what we are familiar with at home. In Japan children are held in great regard, and they have an annual festival all to themselves. During its continuance they play with special toys, never touched at other times of the year.



THE OTTER-HUNTING SEASON: A BRISK RUN.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR A. DAVIS.



A TRAINLOAD.



"DIRECTORS' SPECIAL."

Photo. Shepstone.

THE SMALLEST PUBLIC RAILWAY IN THE WORLD: THE MINIATURE LINE AT BRICKET WOOD, ST. ALBANS.

The Flocks and Smithies Miniature Railway is only two hundred yards long, but it is complete with its stations, platforms, booking-offices, and the other accessories of a great railway. It runs in a meadow much frequented by schoolchildren, and at least two hundred are carried on it every day. The engine, the most powerful for its size in the world, is called the "Nipper."



EXTERIOR OF THE LEIPZIG MONUMENT.



IMAGINARY SECTION OF THE MONUMENT, SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG: THE PROPOSED GREAT MONUMENT, DESIGNED BY PROFESSOR BRUNO SCHMITZ.



THE CHURCH OF MANY LOCALITIES: THE EXTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL-CAR ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

This curious place of worship, the interior of which we illustrated last week, was used by the employes of the Trans-Siberian Railway as that great line was slowly advanced across Asia.



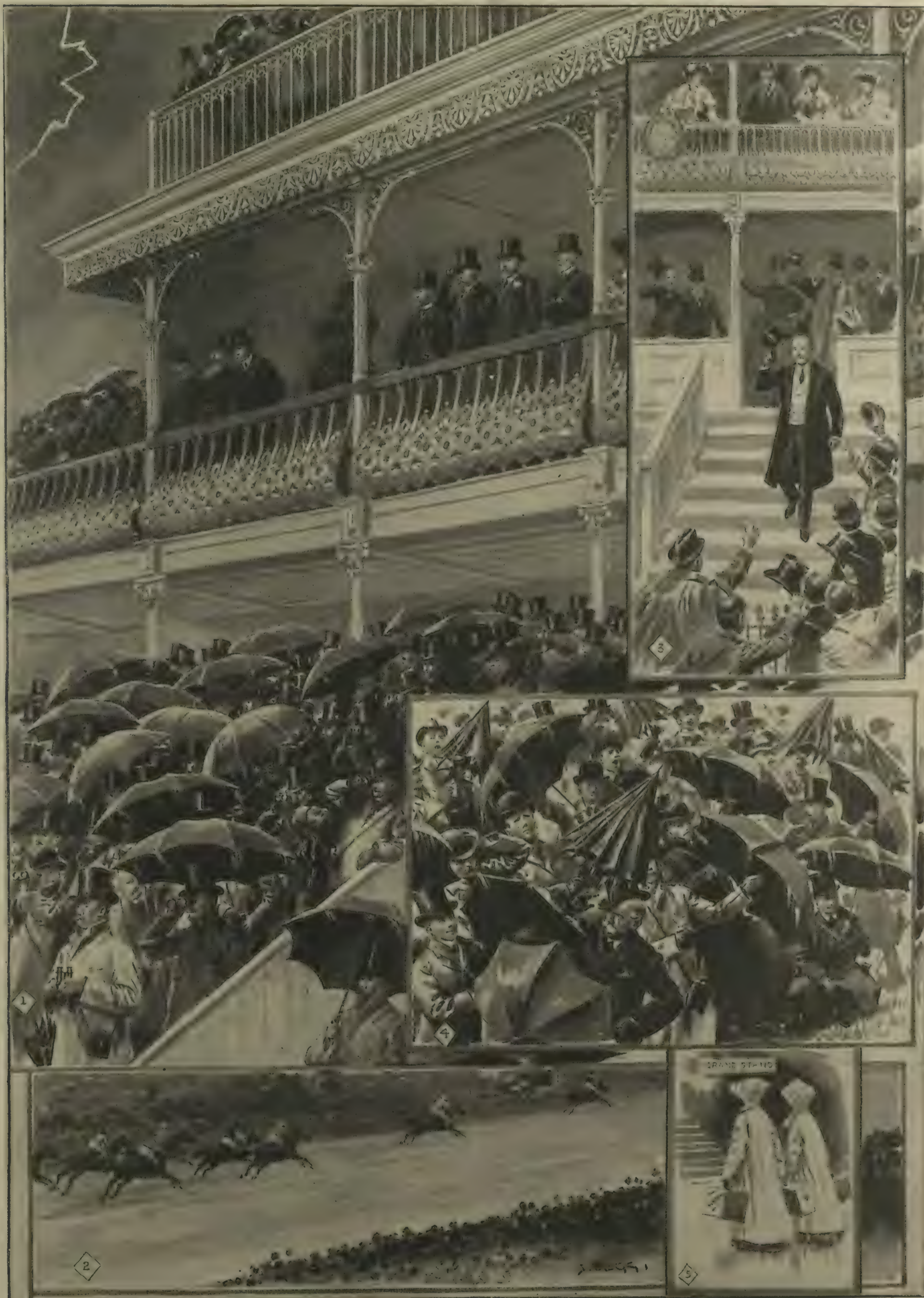
PREPARATIONS FOR THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE: THE GRAND STANDS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

The stands are erected not far from Homburg, near Saalburg. The starting and winning posts will be on the road between the two stands. A box is to be reserved for the German Emperor.

Photo. Franck.

THE DERBY IN A THUNDERSTORM: THE STORMY RACE OF 1904.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT EPSOM.



1. THE ROYAL PARTY WATCHING THE START.
2. "ST. AMANT WINS!" THE FINISH FOR THE DERBY.

3. CHEERING THE OWNER OF THE WINNER; MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCILD RECEIVES AN OVATION.
4. "UMBRELLAS DOWN IN FRONT!" HORSES ROUND TATTENHAM CORNER.

5. "THE DISADVANTAGE OF COMING IN THE MOTOR IS THAT YOU HAVE TO CARRY YOUR BEST HAT WITH YOU."

In the principal bay of the Royal Stand the figures are (from left) the Prince of Wales, Duke of Connaught, the King, Prince Christian.

COSSACK SCOUTS AT WORK: SIGHTING THE ENEMY.

DRAWN BY G. MONTBARD.



COSSACK SCOUTS ON THE COAST OF THE LIAO-TUNG PENINSULA.

The characteristic equipment of the Cossack should be noted in this drawing. He invariably carries his rifle slung. It is strapped into a case which he never removes from his shoulder. He merely unstraps the flap at the butt end, and pulls the rifle out when required. The sword is slung edge uppermost from a long strap passing over the shoulder. The Cossack saddle resembles a large cushion strapped down in the middle. Each trooper carries a quantity of forage in a spherical net bag. In addition to sword and rifle, the troopers bear a long lance.

"THE RITE OF THE SNAKE": AN ANCIENT ITALIAN RELIGIOUS CUSTOM.

DRAWN BY RICCARDO PELLEGRINI



BLESSING THE WATER ON ASCENSION DAY IN VAL DI ROSE, LAGO DI LECCO.

In Val di Rose the serpent is a traditional terror, and the place is celebrated for a curious religious custom known as the Rite of the Snake. On Ascension Day the priest solemnly immerses a harmless water-snake in a huge antique basin, dug up on Monte Bruno. The mountaineers believe that by this ceremony all the other snakes that infest the country will perish.

LADIES' PAGES.

The dresses for the Epsom races are, perhaps, often startling rather than pretty, something very different from those donned for Ascot and Goodwood; but the effort to shine in raiment that seems to be appropriate to a race-meeting is not absent from the Derby, and cruel indeed were the skies this year. The more diaphanous glories of Ascot can even less encounter weeping skies with impunity, and such very lovely gowns are being prepared for that occasion that I do hope the weather will be propitious. The Enclosure will seem like a flock of dainty birds or a radiant garden of fair flowers if the frocks can be worn that are in anticipation. Women are now dressing very artistically. Whether we are tending towards an equally graceful mode, with the excessively full skirts, beflounced and befrilled, may be doubted; but artistic taste has made strides since the "period" that is the model.

At present, complication and adornment run riot in modish gowns. In fact, a really fashionable confection will be almost indescribable, so infinite is the detail. Here is an Ascot design for one of the most lovely of young peeresses. The *fond* is white taffetas, but it is almost covered with cream chiffon, which is put on in many folds and pleatings. Down either side of the front, so as to give the effect of a "robing," runs a slightly gathered band of narrow white satin ribbon, caught into twists and curves gracefully by embroidered circlets composed of mother-of-pearl sequins, each round centred with a dangling white bugle bead—yea, verily! A line of trimming round the skirt about the knee forms the head of a full flounce; the trimming in question consists of detached medallions of black lace appliqué, each of which is edged round and about with gathered white ribbon, fixed on by those mother-of-pearl sequins of soft, moonlighty sheen; then, in the centre of each black lace medallion the round of gathered white ribbon, touched with the sequins' glint, repeats itself, and there is, lo and behold! another bugle dangling in the centre of each ornament. These be-trimmed lace medallions are set a few inches from one another all round the skirt. The flounce that they head is profusely embroidered all over with black lace medallions applied and meandering streamlets of sequined white ribbon. The bodice—well, it harmonises in detail, but the elbow-sleeves are of alternate deep frills of black and white real lace. This lovely gown I describe so fully merely as a sample; to do the same with any others out of the couple of dozen models shown me would probably be to bore you; but from this one illustrative description you can judge of the enormous elaboration of the detail of the smart dress of the day. It is all done by hand after the gown is built and fitted, too, and therefore the work is infinitely slow and costly. Naturally, there are charming gowns on which



ASCOT DRESS OF WHITE MOUSSELINE-DE-SOIE.

less labour is expended; and perhaps, after all, these come out with equally happy effect. But the note of the season is elaboration in adornment, art in arrangement, and daintiness in fabric.

Another excellent model that I have been shown was in supple taffetas of a true lavender shade. The skirt was put in with a number of genuine gathers, even round the front, so that it swept well out at the feet. A row of small, tightly centred bows of the material, each finished with a silver dingle-dangle, went all down the front of the skirt, so as to give it a tablier effect, though so full. The corsage was very slightly pouched into a deep belt of ribbon in the same shade, which was swathed round the waist. There was a deep berthe collar of embroidery in silver beneath a yoke of old lace, which latter was trimmed with four little bows each finished by silver blobs to match those on the skirt. The sleeves were made to fit close to the arm to midway towards the elbow, and then full and frilled, and trimmed with the same sort of tiny bows; the frills were set at the wrist into a tight and deep cuff of silver embroidery to match the yoke, and from this the sweeping fullness fell far from the arm.

Here is an even more original gown in the style of Louis XVI., which some authorities say is soon to take a decided lead and oust the "Early Victorian." A characteristic of it is a fitted corsage with a deep point below the waist. The model was in a delicate shot light and dark purple glacé silk; the skirt, gathered into the waist, was trimmed down with a robing of itself in the shape of a box-pleated double frill, and this frill also trimmed it roundwise in three places, the highest not far below the waist. Then the corsage was of folded strips of the shot silk, moulded exactly to the figure and coming to a point about five inches below the waist, cut up sharply to the waistline from that point. A row of double frills trimmed it down the front, and the shoulders and bust were delicately draped with a fichu of pale-violet chiffon trimmed with white lace motifs. With this there is sent home a black chip hat of the newest shape; it has a moderately high "jam-pot" crown, trimmed round with the same delicate chiffon as the fichu is composed of, which hangs down the back in two ends, drawn into folds and tied together with black chiffon twists here and there; mingled black and purple feathers stand up against the crown.

Toilet preparations that have stood the test of not far short of a century, as have those made by Rowlands, of 67, Hatton Garden, are obviously self-recommended. As old Abraham Lincoln said, "You can't fool all the people all the time"; and the usefulness and excellence of articles that have been used and bought by several generations are thereby testified to in the most effective fashion. First and foremost stands "Rowlands' Macassar Oil" for the hair. Lord Byron wrote in "Don Juan" of "thine incomparable

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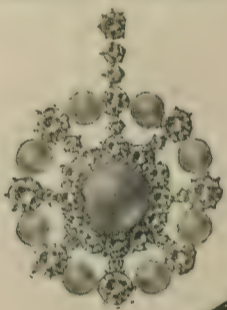
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It enhances the pleasure of putting on clean clothes when we know they have been washed with pure

Sunlight Soap.

What is worn next the skin should be made clean with the purest materials, and of such is SUNLIGHT SOAP.

The purer the materials the better the Soap, and the more quickly and thoroughly will it do its work.

That is why

Sunlight
Soap



*The best wife for a man that makes the lamp light
Is a girl that uses SUNLIGHT!*

NEEDS NO RUBBING! NO SCRUBBING!

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

The name LEVER on soap is a guarantee of purity and excellence.

oil, Macassar"; Sam Weller's father, when consulted by Sam on the subject of valentines, referred to the rhyming advertisements of the same article; and, indeed, has not the name of this oldest and most famous of all preparations for improving the hair actually passed into the language in the word "antimacassar" for a chair-back decoration? Well, it is as well known and as good now as ever for strengthening the growth and brightening the appearance of the hair. There is another preparation equally old-established in favour in Rowlands' "Kalydor," for soothing, healing, and improving the complexion. Then the same makers' tooth-powder, "Odonto," is famous and useful to promote the beauty and hygiene of the mouth.

Efforts put out in the cause of charity give us some of our prettiest and best-organised entertainments. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has more than once benefited before by the organising talents of the Countess of Ancaster, but never was so charming a programme arranged as that carried out in the Royal Albert Hall before the Duchess of Connaught and a very large company on June 2. The best part of the programme was an illustration by children of Christina Rossetti's poem, "The Pageant of the Months." A young lady was the responsible head of each month's party of charming children, a dozen or more, who were dressed to represent the flowers, the birds, and the animals characteristic of the successive months. Tiny tots of five years old were some of the dainty flowers, and bright little boys of ten to thirteen or more personated some of the birds and the animals. Dances were arranged for the children of each "month"; then each "quarter" had a dance all together; and finally the whole bevy joined in an illustrative march and dance of the year that was most pretty to see. The boys of Steadman's choir sang the appropriate songs, and the poem on which the whole was based was recited, portion by portion, by one member of each month's party in turn. It was a happy idea admirably carried out. Then the Duchess of Connaught received purses from children dressed in all kinds of fancy costumes; little Lady Clifton, the tiny Baroness in her own right, five years old, led the ranks, and among the graceful procession were the daughters of the Duchess of Sutherland and Mrs. Willie James. There was a May Queen with a maypole dance for her court, and much other charming entertainment by children.

"Summer is y-cumen in," as the old song says; and there promises to be a very good supply of fruit, as the frosts did not bite off the blossoms this



FÊTE GOWN IN BROWN TAFFETAS.

spring. For serving with stewed fruits or tarts, a good custard is an inestimable addition; and it can be made most easily, as well as by far most cheaply (always a consideration to the mother of a family), by using Bird's Custard Powder. If the directions on the package are carefully followed, the custard will not be distinguishable from one made with eggs. Bird's jellies are a good summer sweet also.

Many people lose appetite in the summer, and a preparation, useful to know of at all times, by which the nutritive value of food is much increased without alteration of its flavour, is perhaps most valuable in the hot weather. This is "Plasmon," a preparation of the albumen of milk. Milk is, as scientists tell us, the one perfect food, the only one on which an infant can live and grow; and the albumen is the flesh-forming portion of it. To get this separated from the fat and the water that ordinary fresh milk chiefly consists of is to obtain one of the most highly concentrated forms of nourishment. Some Plasmon powder added to any dish greatly increases its force-producing powers; and the Plasmon Company has issued a capital little cookery-book giving a number of recipes for dainty dishes in which Plasmon powder can be specially well used. Then there is a chocolate made by them for eating, which Army men testify prevents hunger and sinking feelings all day long on march; also biscuits, and cocoa containing a proper proportion of Plasmon, and thus made nourishing and digestible. Demonstrations are given to callers, or the cookery-book can be had by post from 56, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square.

Clothing takes on its own special importance in warm weather, and the virtues of "Aertex Cellular" underwear are worth testing. The idea is that the meshes of the fabric hold the air round the body, and allow of free ventilation of the waste from the skin, while at the same time protecting it from chills. The garments are very soft and pleasant to feel, and are made for men, women, and children. The London house at the West End is Messrs. Oliver Brothers, 417, Oxford Street, where of course a full range of the goods can be inspected; but there are nine hundred branches of the business all over the kingdom, of which a list can be had by post from Robert Scott, 24, Queen Victoria Street.

Our Illustrations this week display the smartest of gowns of the visiting and fête-day class. One is built in brown taffetas, and is decorated with strappings of ribbon in the same tone, fixed on by little bows with tight centres of the fashionable order. White lace forms the yoke, and the hat is of white chiffon relieved with one very large pink rose. The other is an Ascot gown in white silk muslin, much pleated and trimmed by frills with a ribbon edge. The white hat is made effective by a black feather. FILOMENA.



"Wherever I go I see that flask," said Florrie Fotheringham as she went into Jessie Hepworth's dressing-room.

"Of course you do, my dear," replied her friend. "Every woman who knows anything and values her teeth uses nothing else but Odol nowadays. The time for tooth-powders and tooth-soaps is past and gone. They belong to the nineteenth century, and we live in the twentieth."

"Do you mean to say you can keep your teeth clean without tooth-powder?" asked Florrie incredulously.

"Look," replied Jessie, smiling, and showing two rows of gleaming white teeth, "that is the best answer to your question. My teeth are far whiter and my mouth much cleaner with Odol than they ever were with the older-preparations. They couldn't reach the backs of the molars, the crevices in the teeth, or the interstices between them. Odol, being a liquid, penetrates everywhere and washes away every particle of food that may be left between the teeth. Besides, it is a powerful antiseptic, and so prevents the possibility of fermentation being set up, while it destroys any germs that may have been formed in a decayed hollow, and so prevents the decay from going farther. Nor do its good qualities stop there, for it leaves a delightful sense of freshness in the mouth—a freshness only comparable to that produced by a Turkish bath on the body generally."

"I shall have to get a flask of Odol, too," said Florrie. She did, and, having once used it, she now uses nothing else.

Odol not only cleanses the teeth, but also insures them against decay.

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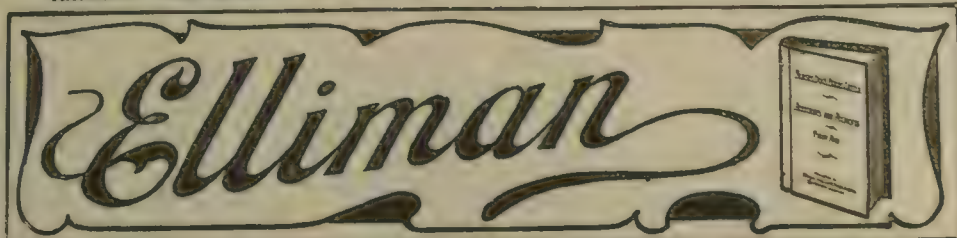
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IRISH ART AT THE GUILDHALL.

Those who visit the Guildhall Exhibition of Irish Art will be among the fourth million of people who have availed themselves of the splendid opportunities for art appreciations and art comparisons afforded by the Corporation of London. It is no mean boast that a fore-page in the catalogue is able to make that the twelve exhibitions held since 1890 have brought no fewer than two and a half million visitors. With the numbers of those who have visited the permanent exhibition the grand total is 3,412,890, or more than

Archer Shee, who was, in fact, President of the Royal Academy. Nor do the works of William Mulready and Daniel Maclise, both Academicians in their day, give any signs of the nationality that leaves its stamp so markedly on the oratory, the writing, and general character of the Irish race. It might be claimed that the sense of beauty which is so keenly Mr. C. H. Shannon's has something of the quality of Mr. Yeats's poetry—a sweetness, a mystery, and a romance, which is remote without being far-fetched.

A little irony of artistic life is presented by the fact that these Irish painters, or the leaders among them,

on another, and Mr. Orpen on a third; while, among the water-colours, Mr. Brabazon easily leads. These four artists are all excellently represented. Mr. C. H. Shannon has twenty-one exhibits, as against only five of his Academic namesake; Mr. Orpen has thirteen; Mr. Lavery has eighteen; and Mr. Brabazon's twenty-six drawings include one—lent by Mr. Sargent—which shows interestingly an affinity between the two artists as aquarellists. The gathering together of Mr. Brabazon's work—generally seen as scattered units—is an event which counts. He gains thereby a cumulative importance, and his



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half the entire population of Greater London. It is interesting to note that the exhibition which proved most attractive was the Spanish one of 1901, when Goya was introduced to the great public of England. Ireland seems likely now to take the record from Spain.

This Irish Exhibition is something of a surprise. With thoughts of the Irish Revival, and the way it has been expressed in poetry, we had expected an art more pale and woebegone, with the lighter note struck occasionally by fairies and elves. But there is no distinctively national note in Irish art; nor has there ever been any such in the past as far as the Guildhall Exhibition can show us. Quite British Academic in its associations is the name of Martin

wear already the label of other lands. Mr. George Henry is a President of the Glasgow Art Club; and Mr. Lavery is a Master of the Glasgow School. Mr. Orpen, Mr. Brabazon, Mr. Furse, and Mr. Mark Fisher are among the best exponents, year by year, of the New English Art Club. Mr. J. J. Shannon stands for Burlington House, with which Mr. Furse is hardly yet associated in familiar thought. This Irish Exhibition is therefore, in one sense, but a bare act of justice, a racial restitution, a readjustment in the attribution of reputations. For the show is undoubtedly a good one, and it is arranged with an excellent discretion. The work of four artists predominates—Mr. Lavery on one wall, Mr. C. H. Shannon

weightiness and solidity, in the good sense of those abused words, will be a revelation to some who have hitherto appreciated in his work more particularly the light charm of atmospheric effects. "The Piazzeta"—a Venetian drawing of bright walls and a dark group of gondoliers—shows Mr. Brabazon at his best; and—let us add—incidentally also shows Mr. Sargent as a discriminating collector.

The first entry in the catalogue is that of Mr. J. B. Yeats's portrait of Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson, a good subject, who should rather have been painted by Mr. C. H. Shannon, if the remote spiritual beauty of her work and its gem-like qualities were to be expressed. In the two portraits of himself, Mr. C. H. Shannon

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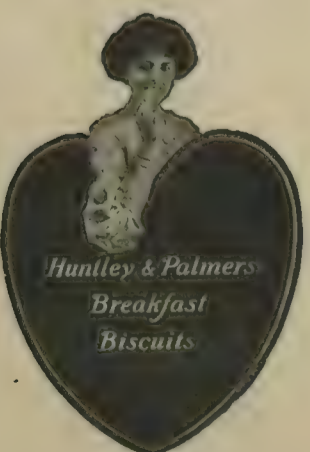
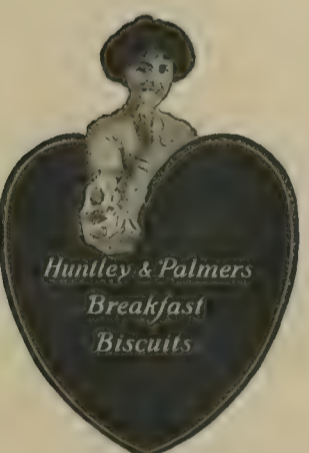
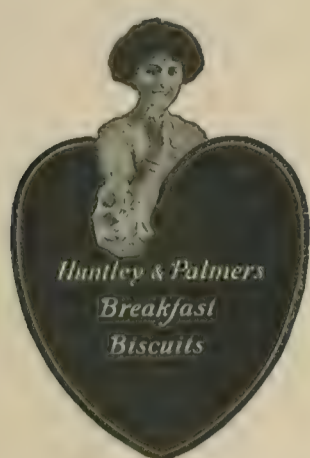
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achieves a rare refinement. Something, perhaps, is lacking, even in addition to our own inveterate unwillingness to give our admiration unconditionally to contemporary work. The painter himself shuns the modern way. What Mr. Pater is in literature for over-elaboration, and almost in affectation of reversion to old manners, Mr. C. H. Shannon here shows himself to be in art. He lurks among Old Masters.

Mr. Orpen's works are seen in a collection for the first time, and to great advantage. The executors of Mr. Staats Forbes have lent "The Chess-Players" and "Reflections—China and Japan"—works already individually appreciated when they were shown at the New English Art Club. "The Mirror," which was painted only a few years ago, and which Mr. George McCulloch now lends, is an interesting landmark. It shows how much Mr. Orpen has modified his methods. He was moving in the silken chains of a pre-Raphaelism, which did not allow him the freedom since attained in "A London Window" and "The Red Scarf"—both of which are here on view. Among the names less known is that of Mr. Dermot O'Brien, whose "Sheep-Shearing" shows the painter to possess a capable hand. There are also some excellent pen-and-ink drawings by Mr. E. J. Sullivan.—W. M.

Yarmouth is shortly to be within two and a half hours of London.

After July 1 two expresses will leave Liverpool Street each day, one, at 10.15 a.m., reaching Yarmouth at 12.45; and the other, at 10.20, arriving at Lowestoft at 12.50. A successful trial trip was made on June 4, when a number of directors and other visitors were taken to Yarmouth for the opening of the new winter garden by Lord Claud Hamilton.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London's notable sermon, preached last week in Ely Cathedral, has been published in full by the Anglican papers. Apart from its references to Canon Henson, it is full of encouragement and wise advice for the younger clergy. The Bishop does not, as a rule,

Dr. Campbell Morgan has entered on his preaching engagement at Westminster Chapel, and he still reserves his judgment with regard to the pastorate. Great pressure has been put upon him by friends both in England and America. On the one hand, it is felt that Westminster Chapel, under his guidance, would become one of the chief religious centres in England; on the other side, it is argued that, by the striking success of his three years' itinerant work in America, he has fully earned the title, "Mr. Moody's successor."

Arrangements for the Liverpool Church Congress are well advanced. The meetings will be held simultaneously in the Philharmonic and Hope Halls. Promises to attend have already been received from many of the Bishops, and amongst the laymen who will take part are Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, author of "From the Abyss," and Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Canon Horsley writes a strongly worded letter to the *Church Times*, in which he condemns the Government's Licensing Bill. In his opinion the best speech at the Albert Hall demonstration was that of the Bishop of Kensington. That address represented the mind of the Church of England Temperance Society, which is organised on a broad and liberal basis.

On St. Alban's Day, June 17, the principal stone of the Cowley Fathers' new house at Westminster will be laid by the Bishop of Stepney. The cost of the building, including a large chapel, will be over £12,000, of which nearly half remains to be provided.

Sermons and lectures on John Wesley are not uncommon in the Church of England. The Rev. E. H. Pearce, Vicar of Christ Church, Newgate Street, chose



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write his sermons, but this important deliverance bears marks of having been committed to paper. Incidentally Dr. Ingram mentions that on the last two Whit Sundays he has enjoyed the rare pleasure of being a listener instead of a preacher, and the sermons he heard made him feel what a power for good emanates from the 20,000 pulpits of the Church of England.

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this subject for a lecture at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington this week; and the Rev. H. Russell Wakefield has promised an evening sermon on Wesley towards the end of June.

Members of the congregation of St. Paul's Church, Onslow Square, and other friends, have presented Prebendary Webb-Peploe with a portrait of himself, painted by Mr. R. G. Jennings. The presentation was made by Lord Kinnaid at a crowded meeting held in St. Paul's church-room.

Among the friends of Chinese Missions much interest is felt in the project of a hall to be erected in Shanghai in memory of the martyrs who have perished during the century of Protestant missions which closes in 1907. It is estimated that 212 foreigners, including children, and over 5000 Chinese Christians have sealed their testimony with their blood. Episcopal and non-episcopal missionaries are joining together for the promotion of this scheme, and such American experts as the Rev. Arthur H. Smith, D.D., have given it their cordial support. As Dr. Smith has remarked, the hall will embody and prove that unity which may be the note of the triumphant missionary movement of the twentieth century.

Last week the Westminster School of Art Sketch Club held their annual show. This exhibition is marked by promise rather than performance; but it is excellent promise, and in many cases we noticed remarkable improvement since last year. Mr. S. B. De la Bere has a stronger hand than ever in his peculiarly weird method as shown in his "Chatterton." Especial commendation is due to Hélène Forestier for a pastel study, "Anna Bella"; and to Marius Forestier for his quaint and vivacious little note of a Carnival scene. Mr. Frederick Peart's sea studies showed a praiseworthy breadth and a delicious coolness.



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MUSIC.

The Drury Lane English operatic management is holding its own, and has already recouped itself for some of its financial loss in the first season, and Mr. Charles Manners is taking an optimistic view of the possible length of his summer season. On Tuesday, May 31, Madame Ella Russell gave a delightful rendering of Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser." The "Prayer" and "Greeting," spoilt as they were a little in the accompaniment, were very brilliant. Madame Russell's voice is beautiful and remarkably fresh. Miss Enriquetta Crichton as Venus was deserving of praise, as was Mr. Wilson Pembroke as Tannhäuser. The chorus deserve a special word of commendation. Their ensemble is admirable. "Mignon" on Saturday afternoon, June 4, proved very popular.

On Thursday, June 2, the Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall was memorable as marking the end of what was a brilliant combination of talent in the Queen's Hall Orchestra, which lost from that day so many of its members and, unfortunately, of its leaders. It is pleasant to learn that the change has come about with no friction or bitterness, only as the necessary outcome of Mr. Henry Wood's legitimate desire to preserve a permanent orchestra. His genius for conducting is so marked, and his powers of organisation are so energetic, that it is safe to predict the Queen's Hall orchestra will soon come up to its old traditions and take its place in the foremost ranks of European orchestras. On Thursday they gave the "Brandenburg" Concerto in G of Bach, the "Academic Festival" of Brahms, "Leonora No. 3" and "Die Zauberflöte" overtures, and the beautiful "Unfinished Symphony" of Schubert. Mr. Henry Wood had a hearty call and reception at the end of the concert.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

On May 31 Fräulein Ternina, who was unfortunately suffering from a cold, was forbidden to appear, with the result that there could be no performance of "La Tosca," Puccini's dramatic opera. Madame Suzanne Adams took the part of Marguerite in "Faust," and sang excellently, although obviously a little fatigued from her performance the night before in "Le Nozze." M. Dalmorès sang Faust, M. Renaud was Valentine, Miss Parkina Siebel, and M. Plançon made his first appearance this season at Covent Garden as Mephistopheles. He gave his invaluable assistance to the opera with his dry, ironical, and very vital reading of the fantastic devil of Gounod's creation. It is disappointing that Fräulein Ternina has finished her season with us. Her place is to be filled by Madame Plaichinger, from the Royal Opera, Berlin.

"WARP AND WOOF," AT THE CAMDEN.

Earnestness is so rare a quality among English dramatists to-day that no intelligent playgoer can be other than sympathetic towards the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's first full-sized stage-work, which, at any rate, attacks with genuine moral fervour an interesting social problem, or, rather, case of class cruelty. "Warp and Woof," as presented at the Camden Theatre last Monday by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, is certainly an inchoate and on its technical side amateurish composition; it can scarcely be called a play at all—rather is it a series of detached scenes connected by a serious and clearly defined purpose. Still,

Mrs. Lyttelton has got hold of a strong theme—the old "Song of the Shirt," with a difference—and she contrasts vividly and dramatically enough the careless, callous selfishness of fashionable ladies who insist on having a dress made under what they must know to be sweating conditions, and the weary, monotonous, comfortless slavery of the sempstresses who are their victims. But at present the playwright can only reproduce the more superficial, the more sentimental aspect of her subject. She cannot get deep down into the heart and soul the point of view of her sempstress heroine, dismissed because she rebels against the illegal tyranny of the work-room, tempted to accept vicious overtures that she may save her consumptive sister. And therefore not even Mrs. Patrick Campbell's vivid and ardent personality can quite vitalise the sketch of Theodosia, the "fitter," impressive as is the final tableau she gives of the girl, statuesque and silent, watching the fine ladies troop off to their ball. No; Mrs. Lyttelton shows the rudiments of characterisation, technique, apt dialogue; she knows the vapid and even the inane jargon of the smart set; but the full-blooded, pulsating drama of social contrasts at which she aimed she has not yet written, though doubtless she will one day write.

"THE EDGE OF THE STORM," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Admirers of Mr. Forbes-Robertson who remembered "Count Tesma" must have been fearful over last week's *première* at the Duke of York's, when they found half the characters of Miss Margaret Young's new drama Hungarians. In the end, their only wonder must have been at the wild applause which greeted such an amazingly inconsequent series of sensational episodes

as "The Edge of the Storm." Apparently, the piece, which really was superbly mounted, was saved by its naïve but rather exciting conclusion—a native attack on an Anglo-Indian garrison and a rescue carried out in true "entente cordiale" friendliness by a neighbouring French Governor. But it would baffle the strongest brain to discover the exact relation between the mediæval-looking Magyars of the prologue and the play's Indian Mutiny finale. It is enough to say that the Hungarian heroine discovers herself married to her father's murderer, against whom she and her family have declared a vendetta. Miss Young herself troubles too little about psychology to make it worth while to discuss seriously her unpleasantly pleasant solution of the girl's dilemma or even her story's representation. With all her pretty emotional sincerity Miss Gertrude Elliott is not strong enough for the heroine's rôle, which would be much better filled by Miss Tita Brand, cast for a conventionally vengeful Magyar. And, not to mention the capable work of Mr. Titheradge and Mr. Frank Mills, the splendid voice and subtle art of Mr. Robertson are wasted on a piece the only good and promising element in which is dialogue written with style and no little intuition. Mr. Robertson must be more careful in his choice of plays or he will endanger his well-deserved popularity.

"A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE," AT THE AVENUE.

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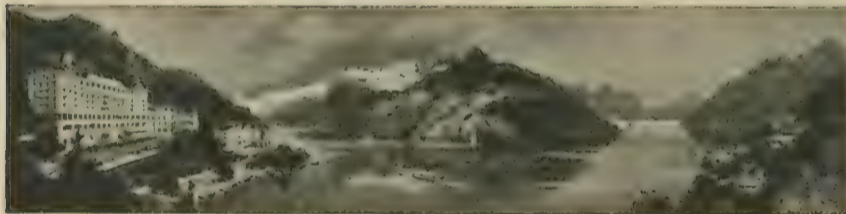
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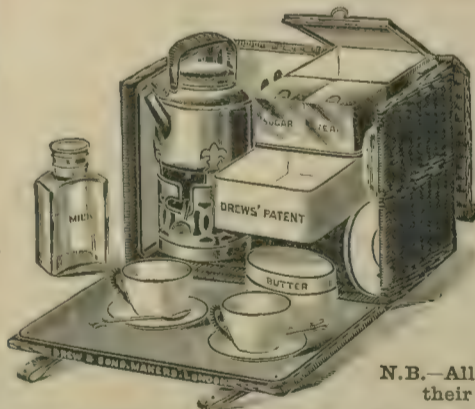


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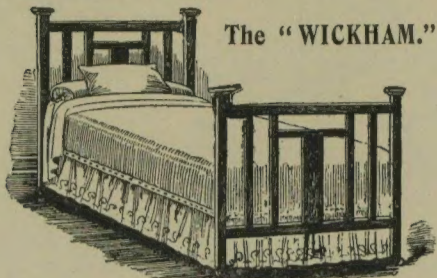
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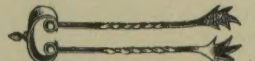


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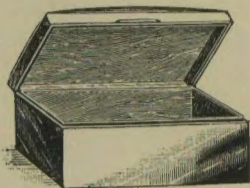
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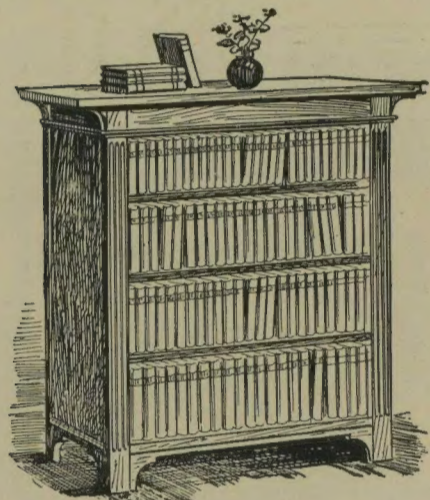


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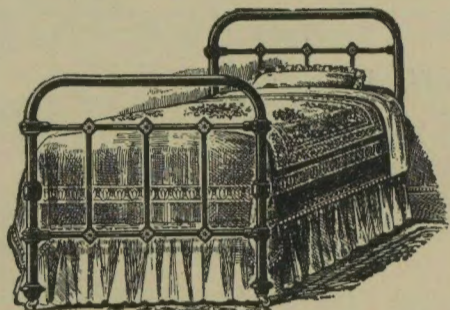
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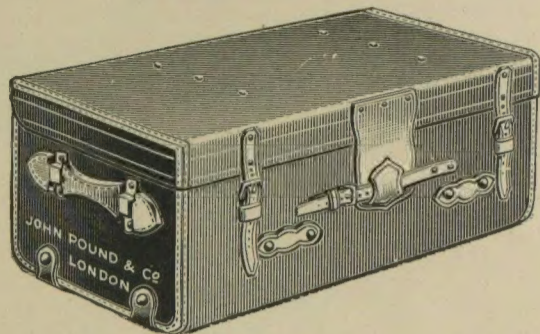
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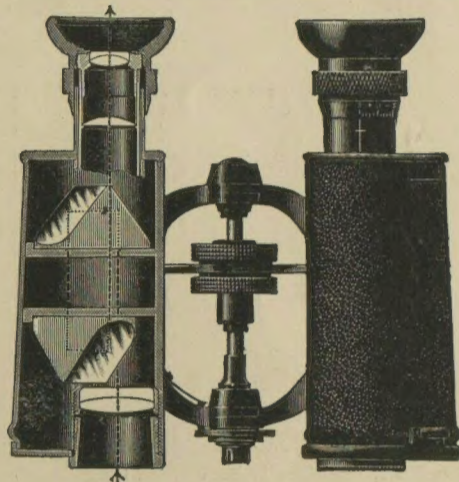
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 26, 1892), with a codicil (dated May 10, 1900), of Mr. Charles Hemery, of Gladsmuir, Hadley, Barnet, and 28, Threadneedle Street, who died on April 9, was proved on May 26 by John Vincent Hemery, the son, Edgar Christmas Harvie, and George Watts, the executors, the value of the estate being £298,401. The testator gives £100 each to the London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, the Royal Free Hospital, the Westminster Hospital, the London Fever Hospital, the Barnet Cottage Hospital, the Jersey National Schools, the Hadley Poor-Houses, and Sir R. Wilbraham's Poor-Houses, Hadley; £100 each to his nieces Mrs. Violet Kernaghan and Mrs. Alice Wilder; his share in the business of Hemery and Son to his said son; £400 to George Watts; £300 to Frederick Watts; and £100 to Ernest Milliken. The residue of his property he leaves as to one moiety to his son, and the other moiety, in trust, for his daughter Mrs. Ann Clara Georgiana Hicks.

The will (dated Oct. 13, 1891), with a codicil (dated June 19, 1894), of Mr. Claudius Horatius Long, of Arthur's Seat, White Hill, Caterham, and 50, Marine Parade, Brighton, who died on Feb. 5, was proved on May 30 by Alfred William Long Parkhouse, the nephew, and William Sames, the executors, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £114,637. The testator gives his real property at Tottenham, in trust, for his brother Cæsar Alexander Long and his children; an annuity of £500 and a freehold house in Arundel Terrace, Brighton, to his brother Jeremiah William Long; six freehold houses in Haggerston Road

to Alfred William Long Parkhouse; and £100 per annum, and other property at Brighton and Farnborough to William Sames. He further gives £50 each to the Watford Orphan Asylum, the Home for Little Boys (Farningham), the Hospital for Incurables (Putney), the Bethnal Green Philanthropic Society, the Bethnal Green Bread Fund, the Shoreditch Almshouses, the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Society, and the Sussex County Hospital; £100 each to St. John's Convalescent Home, Brighton, and the Samaritan Fund at Westminster Hospital; and such a sum as will permanently endow a bed in the incurable ward at Westminster Hospital. The residue of his property he leaves to his sister Mary Ann Long.

The will (dated Dec. 14, 1894) of Mr. Joseph Stitt Heslop, of 12, The Boltons, South Kensington, who died on Feb. 9, was proved on May 31 by William Mead, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £86,045. The testator gives all his property to William Mead, Frances Mead, Adelaide Mead, and Edith Mead in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 14, 1901) of Mr. Samuel Skinner, of Throapham Manor, near Rotherham, who died on Jan. 31, has been proved by Samuel Carr Skinner, the son, George Holland, and Samuel Skinner Holford, the value of the estate amounting to £73,325. He gives the Throapham Manor property, with the household furniture, etc., to his son; £150 each to George Holland and Samuel Skinner Holford; £100 to his bailiff, Robert Sidwell; and £50 to his housekeeper, Mary Spray. The residue of his property he leaves to his four children—Samuel Carr, Florence Edith, Bertha Carr, and Dora Carr, in equal shares.

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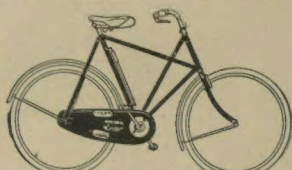
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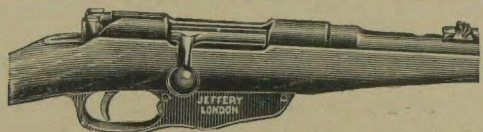
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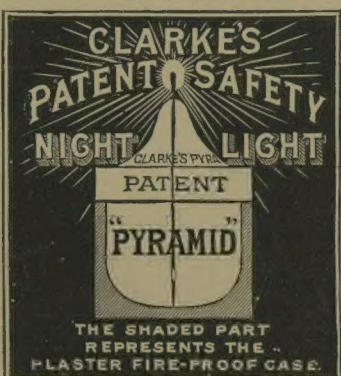


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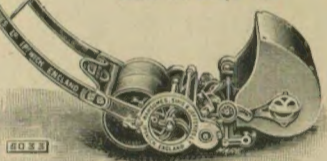
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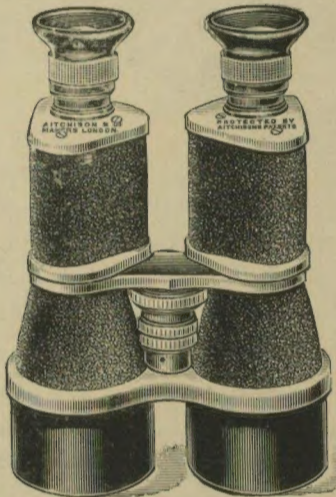
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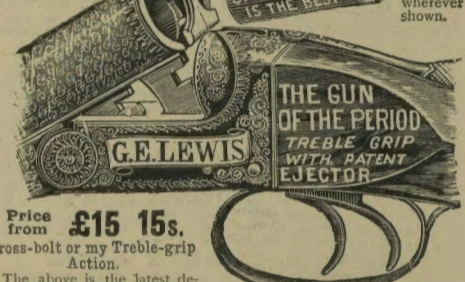
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